

January : Ten Cents

# Chatelaine



Brilliant Fiction by Noted Writers

An Open Letter to the Premier

Personality in Dress



# Chatelaine

"Mistress of her Castle"

This magazine is equipped to serve the chatelaines of Canada with authoritative information on housekeeping, child care, beauty and fashions, and with entertaining fiction and articles of national interest.

TORONTO, ONTARIO



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## THE CHALLENGE OF 1934

IT IS NO LONGER true that Woman's place is only in the home.

For these are times of stress; and, as always, women must get beyond their particular home interests and problems to help their men-folk in the world outside.

During the past four difficult years women have kept the faith of their great tradition of home-making. Day by day the façades of homes everywhere are hiding untold stories of heroism and courage.

But the challenge of 1934 calls women beyond the circle of home achievements into the world outside. For there is much work to be done that only women can do.

There is the challenge to battle for peace.

A united womanhood could stop wars. An intelligent, understanding womanhood must educate the coming generation to be peace-minded. Women must talk peace not only at home, but in the community where their activities can be felt. Women must spread the knowledge of how war propaganda is originated. Women must organize themselves in their educational peace-work; in their training of the young people; in their hatred of wars; in their comprehension of what is happening in the world today.

Women must come out of their homes to realize what conditions the community is facing today in relief administration. Women must make it their business to see that there are proper conditions for relief work in their district. We must realize that with approximately a million and a half of our population on relief at a cost of seven and a half millions a month, relief should be comprehensive. Unending cries of maladministration coming from every province indicate that there is a need here for a more satisfactory handling. Women must know the conditions of relief; must demand satisfaction from their representatives.

The maternal mortality of each community should be the special consideration of its women. It is not enough to have a sympathetic fireside discussion. There must be an energetic, organized determination to find what can be done to help lower the rate. The fact that it is increasing is a black mark on the escutcheon of our womanhood. Every woman who is bringing another citizen into the world should have guidance and help and sufficient nutrition. Women can see that she gets it.

Women must come out of their homes to give a little life and color to those who are facing the bitterness and misery of continued unemployment. So much can be done in the community centres to teach listless fingers the joy of creating something; to spread a little of that blessed feeling of neighborliness. We are too much inclined to leave this sort of community entertainment and instruction to the churches. Women—the hostesses of the nation—could play the rôle with a divine understanding through all their organizations, if they would only realize the need for a spiritual understanding and friendliness. A certain amount is being done—but we need more, more, more!

Women, representing half the voting power of a nation, must take an active, intelligent interest in the spending of public moneys. They must banish, once and for all, the suggestion that they are lethargic.

These days are the equal, in many respects, of war days. War-time courage and enthusiasm are needed.

Come out of your homes and see what is happening in your community. Get together and discover ways and means of setting to rights some of the cruel, stupid, unnecessary mistakes that are being made in every part of the country. Raise such a storm of protest that you cannot be ignored!

It is 1934's challenge to Womanhood.

Byrne Hope Sanders.

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### THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED

481 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO 2, CANADA

JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, President.

H. T. HUNTER, Vice-President.

H. V. TYRRELL, General Manager.

Publishers of: Chatelaine, Maclean's Magazine, Canadian Homes and Gardens, Mayfair, The Financial Post, Hardware and Metal, Canadian Paint and Varnish Magazine, Sanitary Engineer, Canadian Grocer, Drug Merchandising, Dry Goods and Stylewear Review, Men's Wear Merchandising, Bookseller and Stationer, The General Merchant of Canada, Canadian Hotel Review and Restaurant, Canadian Machinery and Manufacturing News, Modern Power and Engineering, Canadian Trade Abroad, Industrial Opportunities in Canada, Canadian Printer and Publisher, Canadian Advertising Data, Canadian Automotive Trade, Bus and Truck Transport in Canada—BRANCH OFFICES: 1070 Bleury St., Montreal; 420 Lexington Ave., New York; 919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago; 621 Menaduck Bldg., San Francisco; England, The MacLean Company of Great Britain, Limited, Sun of Canada Bldg., 2 Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1. Telephone, Whitehall 6642. Telegraph, Atabek, Lesquare, London—STUBS. TELETYPE: in Canada, Great Britain and British Possessions, \$1.00 per year; United States, Mexico, Central and South America, France and Spain, \$1.50; other countries, \$2.00 per year. Single copies 10c. Copyright, 1934, by The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited. Registered in Canadian Patent and Copyright Office. Registered in United States Patent Office.

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Coming Soon  
AIRFLOW CHRYSLER

# THE MINK COAT

by William Dudley Pelley

"I'VE SOLD the blue mink," declared Flat-Foot Maggie. "For nine hundred and seventy-five dollars."

Baxter lifted his face. Lighted by the greenish lamp on his immaculate desk, his countenance had never looked more babyish. "Well," he asked waxily, "am I supposed to give three cheers or burst into tears?"

"I'm simply reporting," Maggie said curtly. She knew he hated her. She spoiled the aesthetic effect he was working for among the sales ladies at Gollard's. Fancy a sales lady whose fallen arches actually gave her a nickname. "Because" she went on, "the blonde who's taking it has offered me a thousand-dollar bill in payment. My experience tells me she decided on it too quick, but more than that, she doesn't want alterations."

"Your experience!" Baxter scoffed. "Are you insinuating, Mrs. Flynn, that a lady cannot make a thousand-dollar purchase in Gollard's Fine Fur Department without being suspected of chicanery?"

"I'm insinuating that young women who buy thousand-dollar mink coats usually have someone along with them. This girl's alone. I suggest that before the coat is bundled, you send this bill down to the bank and have it checked."

Baxter affected to look profound as he examined the bank note. His bar-glasses gave him an owl's appearance. She had been with Gollard's for fifteen years; the baby-faced snob before her had been with Gollard's only fifteen months. And yet he had sense enough to appreciate her caution.

"Go back to your customer," he directed, "and stall her along. I'll go down to the bank personally and make sure this bill's not a counterfeit." He contrived to imply, "and heaven help you if it's genuine."

He arose, letting the owl's glasses drop to their length of black ribbon. He took his overcoat and hat from a compartment in a corner of his softly carpeted office. Maggie returned to the patron, a hectic blonde with a bad left eye.

"Where's my coat?" she demanded, as though under nervous repression. "And my change?"

"Both will be here directly," Maggie responded. She started hanging away the less expensive coats she had

exhibited. Moments passed. The blonde walked the aisle. Finally she came back.

"Does it take all this time merely to wrap a coat?" she demanded.

A surge of relief came up through Maggie at sight of Baxter himself stepping off the elevator. His own fur-lined coat was so ponderous about him that it made him look dumpish. Maggie despised him worse than ever, from his half-bald head to his immaculate spats.

"I'll be personally responsible for this," he told old Maggie haughtily. "The bank's expert declares this bill to be perfectly good."

"So that's it!" snapped the blonde. "Well, you can give me that bill and keep your blasted cat-skin!" Snatching the bank note from Baxter's fingers, she snaked toward the elevators.

"I hope you see what you've done, Mrs. Flynn," Baxter said icily. "You and your experience!"

"We've still got the coat," Maggie answered patiently.

BUT SHE WAS suddenly sick of it all. She knew that Baxter would report the loss of the sale to the Old Man himself. And jobs as sales ladies were none too plentiful, times being what they were. She was still feeling old, weary, and disheartened when she came back from lunch to find the blonde awaiting her.

"I registered a complaint with the management," she said, "and learned that my temper was costing you your job. I'm sorry. If you'll wrap it up now, I'll take it."

Maggie considered. After all, if Gollard would put a snobbish adolescent in charge of his fur department, why need she take the firm's worries on her own tired shoulders? Besides, Baxter had declared that he would be responsible.

"You're very kind," she told the customer. She slid back the glass panelling and unhooked the costly wrap. The blonde as before extended the thousand-dollar bank note.

Maggie took coat and money and went down the aisle toward the wrapping desk. She had to pass Baxter's office to do so. His office was empty though the light was burning above his blotter. A thought occurred to her. She stepped inside. When she came out, a memo regarding the success of the sale had been left where he could find it. She made out her sales slip and ultimately came back to the blonde with the bulky parcel and twenty-five dollars.

AT FIVE MINUTES to three o'clock a hysterical manager faced her when she answered the peremptory summons to his office. Old Gollard himself, looking like an undertaker, was present also. He had the bank note in his hands.

"That bill!" exploded Baxter. "It's not the same one I took down to the bank. This one's a counterfeit. And you accepted it!"

Maggie saw it all. But she would not be sickened. She addressed herself to the funeralistic old man she had served so faithfully over fifteen years.

"Please don't be distressed, Mr. Gollard," she begged. "I know I don't add much to the orchid atmosphere of the department, but you're not out a thousand dollars. Only twenty-five!"

"But the coat's gone, Mrs. Flynn."

"Has it?" And Maggie turned toward the manager's closet. She lifted out the elegant mink. "You see, Mr. Baxter said he'd be responsible, so I substituted his overcoat in that parcel. I knew if the blonde was on the level, she'd come back to have the mistake rectified. But she hasn't come back, so I'll just be returning this mink to its case."

A  
SHORT  
SHORT  
STORY



## Make this test of Face and Hand Skin

Draw your finger hard across your forehead—unless you've just powdered, you'll feel the *oil* that keeps face and body skin firm and smooth.



Touch the back of your hand. This is *non-oily* skin. Water, wind, cold, dirt make this *different* hand skin dry out and chap... look old before your face does.

Hand Skin is *different* from face and body skin—it *chaps easily, gets rough and red, looks old years before your face...*

But your hand skin can be kept smooth and young...

YOUR face and body skin are kept soft and firm by a natural oil in the skin itself. The palms of your hands have no oil glands at all, and the backs of your hands very few.

Constant exposure to water, cold, wind and dirt robs this non-oily skin of its moisture and makes the hands chap and grow rough, parched looking, old.

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Have hands that are loved... keep YOUR hands soft and young.

# Jergens Lotion



She was no facile optimist. Her childhood had been hard; she had known poverty, and the dreadful apathy it breeds. Her parents had been wearily resigned to their fate. They had loved their five children and had given them shelter and food—no more. Olive had been the only one to rebel, the only one to struggle for an education. She had got alone out of the Slough of Despond; she had taught herself to speak well, to dress well; she had learned a hundred little niceties of living. She sent money home to her parents

faithfully and in their eyes she was marvellously successful. But not in her own eyes. Her life seemed to her unreal and empty; it had never satisfied her. And after she met Gerald she was very unhappy.

She loved him, and there seemed to her no faintest possibility of his loving her. How could he? For all his careless good humor, there was in him an innate fastidiousness, something fine that she never could attain.

"He sees me like this," she thought, "living in this nice

place, with nice clothes and friends. But if he knew . . ."

If he knew her origin and the long, bitter road she had travelled, she thought he would never come again.

Twice he wandered in, and spent an hour with them, and went away. Then, to Olive's surprise, he telephoned her and asked her out to dinner. He called for her, very correct in evening clothes; he had his car with him, and he drove out to a road house in the country. There were people he knew there, and he didn't—as other men had done—make

any attempt to escape their notice. He didn't seem ashamed, or afraid to be seen with Olive.

"Well, does he really think Alina and I are—like those society girls he knows?" she thought.

Never before had their artificial background really deceived anyone. When Alina talked of her old home in England, when Olive mentioned her boarding-school days, they didn't really expect anyone to believe them; it was a sort of convention. But if Gerald really believed it . . .?

For a moment she felt a great exultation; she knew she was beautiful, that she was perfectly dressed, that she wasn't stupid. Why couldn't she, after all, hold her own in that other world in which Gerald lived?

"You're very quiet tonight," he said. "Somehow you look different. You look like an Italian."

A burning color rose in her cheeks; she glanced up, her dark eyes brilliant with anger and with pain; she wanted to speak, but her lip trembled. There was something more than anger in her heart.

"You're a little like a girl I met in Naples," he went on. "Forgotten her name—the Contessa something. Only she wasn't so lovely."

"Is 'contessa' the same as 'countess'?" she asked.

He thought her like a countess. When he said "Italian," he didn't mean what the girls in public school had meant. He didn't mean a wop who lived down by the mill, where goats grazed and washing hung out on lines.

"I am an Italian," she said. "I mean my parents are."

He did not, he could not know, what he had done for her, how he had restored her pride. For years she had tried to hide this fact, which he seemed to find interesting and creditable. And because she was so happy, she smiled at him—not her careful, almost grudging smile, but one of soft, candid delight.

"Olive," he said.

Then she was afraid. She recognized that light in his eyes, the slight unsteadiness in his voice. He was going to make love to her, as other men had done, and she would have to be cool and wary and hard, and inevitably lose him. She knew how it would be. When he saw that there would be no facile surrender from [Continued on page 22]

"I'm not going to have anybody talk about you at all," he said.



Illustrated by  
AL. PARKER



# The HARPY

To be lovely, with her, was  
not a pleasure, but a job

ELISABETH SANXAY HOLDING

SHE WANTED to be a little scornful when she first met Gerald.

"Playboy," she called him to herself.

But as she watched him, the queerest emotion came over her. It wasn't just that he was so handsome; she had met plenty of good-looking boys; it was because she saw in him a gay and reckless grace that somehow touched her. He was very slender, with a narrow dark face and blue eyes, and brows that were pointed in the middle, giving him a sort of pierrot look; he wore a dinner jacket like the other men of the party, but he looked different, more elegant.

He had turned toward her when she first spoke, and he looked at her carefully. He had not really looked at her before; he had come with several others to the little apartment she shared with Alina; there had been the usual confusion, with the small room crowded and thick with smoke. It was Packy's party, of course. Packy knew very well that he had to give parties, and good ones, if he wanted to keep Alina interested in him.

But now Gerald studied her, with a frank appraisal that would have been impertinent in anyone else.

"Were you there all the time?" he asked.

"I live there."

"What's your name?"

"Olive Richmond," she said.

It wasn't really her name; nothing in her present life was real. With a sort of fierce determination she had left behind her her squalid and unhappy childhood; she had learned to speak well, to control her slow, soft voice, to carry herself with an almost exaggerated poise and assurance. She and Alina were mannequins in a first-class shop. All day they wore lovely clothes and wore them in a way to make them lovelier. To be lovely was, with them, not a pleasure, but a job. If they were tired, if they were ill, it didn't matter; they could never afford to neglect the daily ritual for skin, hair, nails, every detail.

They were both tall, lithe, striking. Alina was a blonde, delicate of coloring by nature, dazzling by art. Olive was dark, and made the most of her liquid dark eyes, her beautiful, subtle mouth, her straight little features which, in profile, might put one in mind of an Egyptian princess. Their apartment had the same tinge of unreality. It was in a better neighborhood and far better furnished than

anything they could normally have afforded. But they had sublet it from a girl who had had to go home to British Columbia in a hurry. When she returned they would have to leave it.

Their friends, too, were impermanent, shadowy; a new group every few months. Men who were captured by their beauty and, before long, exasperated by their virtue. They didn't look virtuous; they didn't intend to, but there was in both of them a cynical, unconquerable self-respect. They looked luxurious and they lived with Spartan simplicity; they appeared gay and careless, and they paid all their bills on the nail and saved something every week.

Gerald was suddenly, openly smitten by Olive. That was nothing. That was always happening. Only, she found in him some quality which she could not have named, yet which troubled her and made her a little angry. What was he, after all, but another of those rich boys out for a good time? She knew what they were like. If you showed any distaste for their by no means subtle love-making, they were affronted and went away. And Olive had no tolerance for facile caresses; there was a fierce pride in her. She knew it did not belong with her dark, provocative beauty and her audacious clothes, but that was how she felt, and the men she met could just take it and like it.

She thought she was going to have trouble with Gerald when she saw that light in his eyes, and she was sorry. She did not want to be curt and scornful to Gerald. But, to her surprise, there was no need for that; he didn't so much as try to put his arm around her.

All that evening he was openly devoted to her; he said things to her such as no one else had ever said.

"You're like a Murillo," he said. "Your eyes are so soft."

She didn't know what a "Murillo" was, but the words made her happy; in all his admiration, there was respect for her; he was so polite.

He drank too much. She tried to stop him, as she had so often tried to stop other men, and with equal lack of success.

But though he did grow a little wild and silly, there was still that deference, that gentleness about him. In the taxi going home he was half asleep, and she took his hand, lifted it, looked at it. A strong, sunburnt hand, yet so

slender, and somehow so fine. She glanced at her own hands, shapely, beautifully-tended, but so different. She was a worker who came of generations of workers; straight, limber peasants from the hills of northern Italy. Whatever she had, she had got for herself. And all that he had, had been given to him, for nothing.

The taxi jolted, and she heard him sigh. She drew his head down on her shoulder and put her arm about him to steady him. And she loved him. He was asleep; he didn't know she was holding him, didn't know she loved him with this overwhelming tenderness. The cab stopped and she and Alina got out, and Packy promised to see Gerald safely home.

HE CAME BACK the next evening, alone. He was not apologetic; he came in, with his careless, endearing smile, and didn't seem quite to know why he had come. He sat there, smoking, talking to both the girls, only his glance went time after time to Olive's face, with a look a little wondering. He did not stay long; he said nothing about coming again; he didn't even hint at any future invitations; just drifted in and out again.

"You ought to be able to do something about him," said Alina. "You could make him give a party. Why didn't you put in a little work this evening?"

"I'm sick of all that!" Olive answered, with sudden vehemence. "What's the sense in these parties? I hate them."

"All right; but what else is there?" said Alina. "Just work?"

"I don't know," said Olive. "Maybe you're right. Maybe there isn't anything else."

Maybe there wasn't. Sometimes she tried to look into the future, and her young heart, honest and a little cynical, could divine nothing reassuring. Alina was always thinking of a dazzling marriage, but not Olive.

"Not good enough," she thought.



They made him comfortable on the day bed.

## Why was Colby's face changed in a secret operation? and who was Smiley's "Bogey Man"?

can remember of his stay in the surgeon's house, especially of Palgrave, the attendant, whom he has helped and who perhaps can solve the mystery of his presence there. Sheridan takes Colby out in his car and decides that the young man does not know how to drive. From this fact, and from Colby's memories and impressions of his imprisonment, Adrienne excitedly jumps to the conclusion that Colby's bandaged face means that he has been operated on for some dark reason to look like someone else; that not only has he not murdered Smith but that he is Smith and the dead man is Colby.

Please go on from here.

\* \* \*

ADRIENNE TURNED to the bewildered young man. "Don't you see?" she repeated. "You're not Franklin Colby; for some dark reason they've turned you into Henry Smith. You didn't have an accident. They made over your face."

"But I don't feel like Henry Smith, either," Colby said stupidly.

All three laughed then, but their laughter was excited. "I've been slowly coming to something like that notion myself, Adrienne," Sheridan said; "and I hope, my child, that the satisfaction of having spoken first will console you for not being in on the next step. That's seeing Liggett. After dinner Franklin and I are going to call on him."

Two hours later Sheridan and Colby were standing in front of the bleak house that had sheltered Colby for so many bitter weeks. Lights showed in two rooms of the lower story. Sheridan rang, and the bell was answered by Liggett, who threw the door wide, then half shut it and stood staring at the two men.

"You weren't expecting us, of course," Sheridan said, feeling that he would give a good deal to know just who Liggett was expecting. "But I suppose you have no objections to our calling?"

"No-o," hesitated Liggett; "no, not at all."

He led the way into the living room. As the three sat down, Sheridan said abruptly:

"We want to talk to you about what happened here. Colby is my client."

Colby, whose hearing was very acute, started. Someone was in the dining room listening.

"You're a doctor," Sheridan went on, "and as such you must be a judge of human nature. Do you think Colby could have murdered your patient, Smith?"

"If Colby is innocent," Liggett said, his voice dragging, "he will be freed."

Colby spoke then in a voice that he tried to make steady: "Dr. Liggett, you must know that I am the victim of a crime, or I never could have been in this house a prisoner for so many weeks. I appeal to you as a human being in most desperate straits. You must know that I have never seen Smith, at least not since I came to your institution; that I was not his secretary. You must know how I came here. If you have any mercy—"

Colby faltered and was silent.

"Liggett," Sheridan said, "won't you tell us what you know?"

"I resent your insinuations," said Liggett, after a pause. "I have told you all I know. Colby came here something over three months ago, driving a touring car. In the tonneau was Smith. Colby told me that they had recently crossed the water, that Smith was ill and needed to recuperate before they went on. Colby was never a prisoner, but was free at any time. I've said all this to the chief of police."

After a pause, Sheridan asked: "Are you assuming that when Colby left this place, he drove away in the same car in which you said he came?"

"No," Liggett said; "the strange thing is that the car is still in the garage. The assumption is that Colby, when he left, was unable to open the back door of which I have the key, and unable to get into the garage, he had to walk."

"How do you account for his being able to open the locked gate?" Sheridan asked.

"I can't."

"Do you believe that he drugged and bound you?"

"I'm not making any accusations," Liggett returned slowly. "That is for the police."

"I see," Sheridan said. "Now I want to ask you a few questions about Palgrave."

"I had to discharge him for neglect of duty a few days ago," Liggett answered.

"May I have his address?"

Liggett hesitated almost imperceptibly. "I'll get you the only address I have," he said.

He left the room and they heard him crossing the hall to his study. At the same moment there was the sound of other quick footsteps in the hall, and a large smiling man ran in.

"Smiley is tired waiting for more dinner," he said; then he approached Colby.

"Hello, mister," he said; "you and the other men are gone. Nobody here now but the bogey man, the doctor and Smiley."

"Who is the bogey man?" asked Colby.

Liggett re-entered quickly.

"Smiley, why aren't you eating your supper?" he asked sharply.

"I heard the bogey man," said Smiley whimperingly.

Liggett smiled. "Poor old Smiley," he said. "I'll give you the rest of your supper in a minute. Here is the card with the address you want, Mr. Sheridan."

Sheridan took the card with a word of thanks.

"We'll be going," he said to Colby.

Liggett went with the two as far as the gate. He locked it behind them. They did not speak until they were well on the road toward home. Then Colby said:

"I have very acute hearing. I am certain that someone listened in the dining room. Smiley probably saw him and translated him as a bogey man."

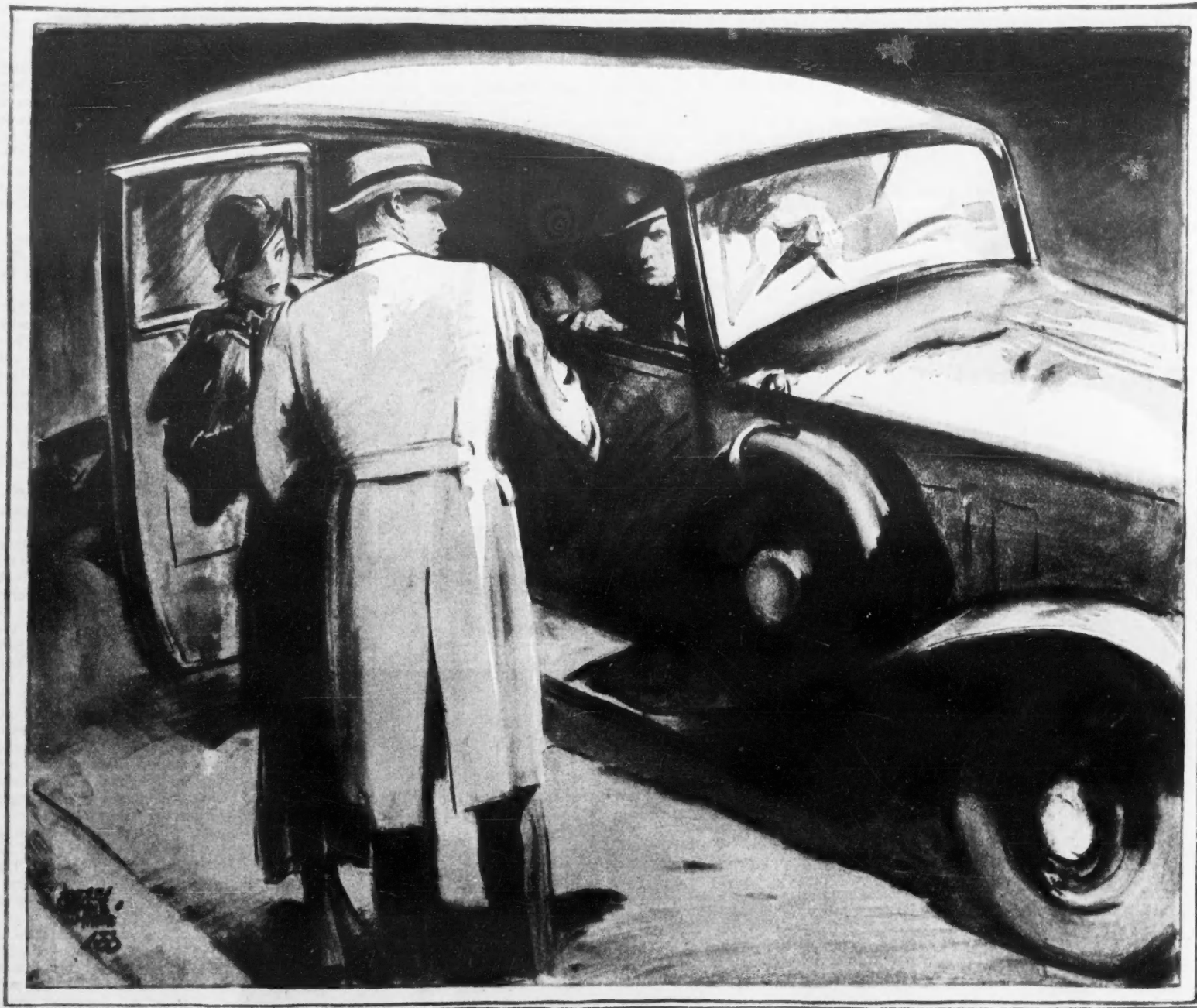
"Plot distinctly thickens," Sheridan said; "but we've found out something. We have the address where Palgrave lives, or may live. And we have the statement, not previously given by Liggett, that you are supposed to have crossed the water. Now, I suggest that

It was not that she heard anyone, rather that she felt a presence.

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS







"That shot would never have been fired at your car, but for me," said Colby.

# The Mystery of the Surgeon's House . by MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

OUTSIDE THEIR grounds, Mr. Richard Sheridan, a lawyer, and his niece, Adrienne, find a young man lying unconscious. While he is coming back to consciousness, aware that he has been kept imprisoned in the house of Liggett, a surgeon, two callers enter; elderly men: Bristol, a lawyer and Baldwin, a judge. They question the young man but beyond telling them that his name is Franklin Colby, he answers uncertainly. The men go into breakfast, leaving him with Adrienne. She realizes that there is something on his mind of which he is not ready to speak, and she lets him know that she and her uncle are willing to take him on trust. She is called out of the room to see Hardesty, the district attorney, and Bristol's nephew, a handsome middle-aged man to whom Adrienne is engaged.

Hardesty resents Colby's presence and shows his jealousy. That same morning the chief-of-police, Hawkin, and Clark, a policeman, find, in the surgeon's house, the body of a curly-haired young man, the face mutilated beyond recognition. In the surgery is Liggett, bound and gagged. He has been chloroformed, but he does not know by whom. He says that he has been letting his patients go; that he has discharged his last attendant, Palgrave; that there are in the house only four persons: himself, a harmless imbecile named Smathers, and two young men. He states that a few weeks before Colby, Smith's secretary, had driven in with Smith, who was ill. As they were not exacting, Liggett has let them stay on. When Hawkin tells him that one of these young men has been murdered, Liggett shows violent

and sincere surprise. Hawkin thinks Liggett is keeping back information.

In the afternoon, Hardesty, Bristol, Hawkin and others question Colby. He tells them that a few weeks previously, he came out of what was either an illness or an accident, his face bandaged, to find that his memory of the past was gone. Liggett told him his name was Franklin Colby. He was not allowed to leave. He had gone to bed as usual the night before, and had awakened to find himself in Sheridan's house. When he is told of the dead man he realizes that he is suspected of murder except by Sheridan and Adrienne. Hardesty is angry with Adrienne for her faith in Colby. Sheridan says that he will be responsible for Colby until after the inquest. Colby tells Sheridan and Adrienne all he

Chatelaine readers respond to a plea for advice from "the mother of Lorraine and Elizabeth"



# So - Your Daughter is a Wallflower!

Editor's Note: In a recent issue of Chatelaine a mother wrote of her bewilderment over the fact that her attractive daughters were wallflowers, and that she found them deserted for other girls who did not seem to have the same standards of behavior.

A flood of letters arrived from mothers, daughters, grandmothers, young men and the girls themselves. All of them were interesting, but unfortunately only brief excerpts from a few of these can be published.

**G**IRLS WHO are brought up in a good home but with no brothers and no camaraderie between themselves and their parents, are at a decided disadvantage when they leave its safety. They have been protected against every harm and probably warned against the wiles of men. When we taught them "hands off," we imbedded in their young, pliable minds a fear and distrust of men. We made them self-conscious. Thinking only of themselves, how can they act naturally? Is it their fault that when awkward situations arise they are unable to cope with them?—G. R. H., *Manyberries, Alta.*

A SOFT, caressing, inviting look does not brand a girl necessarily as bad. Boys like to be flattered, and her flattery can be sincere. Men go to dances to be amused. They like to dance with girls who dance effortlessly and can be amusing as well. Girls today do not need a "hands off" sign to advertise their goodness. True, we think we see more badness than in Victorian days, because girls are not, as a rule, the hypocrites now we were taught to be in those days. Under their banter they are so sure of themselves. They have built up a defense guard, devoid of fear, that put our "hands off" to shame. Girls are in my opinion more glorious in this age. They can be natural.—A. K., *Edmonton.*

AS AN ordinary young man was dancing by two unpopular girls, one of them remarked: "It does not pay to be respectable." The laughing girl who was his partner tensed and blushed. She was a fine girl with a clean sense of humor, and a knowledge of men that did not attempt to sit in judgment on them. She was popular and so became the butt of just as nasty remarks from the "sidelines" as if she had been under the ban. Sitting on the sidelines is a natural breeding-school for unkind, unmoral thoughts. A girl can be far more unmoral and despicable in her thoughts than the "bad" girl she is censoring.—B. S., *Montreal.*

WE LOSE a lot of our childish illusions as the years pass by, but one I have retained through the years of a business life as well as marriage and the upbringing of sons and daughters is the fact that we do not need to be protected from men. Their friendships can be the most unselfish thing on earth. Real friendships can exist between men and women who play the game gamely.

AS A young man of twenty-seven, with the usual amount of social experience, I may be able to give some suggestions to the puzzled mother of Elizabeth and Lorraine. Her daughters seem fortunate in having had what is termed an "old-fashioned" upbringing. If they are over twenty-one I am afraid that it is too late for them to change their tactics, that is, and enjoy themselves. I have also had an old-fashioned "upbringing," have tried to throw off its baneful effects and succeeded indifferently. But if you have taught them that it doesn't pay to be cheap, that they must have self-respect if they are to be respected—I think they are fortunate girls.—L. E. M., *Toronto.*

"THEY ARE not respected," you say. Impossible! I have attended University and since 1928 have been working. I know that girls trained as yours have been are extremely rare. But they certainly are respected, even if there is, relatively, only a small proportion of men who have been

brought up to appreciate their type. You say they are not hunted; perhaps it is just as well that they are free from the sort of hunters by whom they would otherwise be pursued.—J. A. C., *Ottawa.*

YOUR DAUGHTERS would be well advised not to attend a dance unless they were taken by a male escort capable of seeing that their programme is filled, and that they are generally well taken care of. Better miss ten dances and enjoy one, than attend eleven and enjoy none. I should be extremely careful that they were never in a position where they registered "heart-breaking affected indifference."—J. A. C., *Ottawa.*

AS TO "sensuous thrills" they are too easy to obtain to be valued highly. I find it a pleasure to take out a girl who doesn't expect to be kissed. "Necking," as it is practised today, has long since ceased to be a stolen pleasure but has become a nuisance.—J. A. C., *Ottawa.*

I KNOW a few girls of your daughters' type. I take them out. I also occasionally take out the other kind, who are by far the more common and therefore the more readily available on short notice. The latter do not get the consideration of the former. They do not expect it and are not accustomed to it, and would be greatly surprised and a little puzzled about me if they did get it.—J. T. R., *Woodstock, Ont.*

IN THIS city there are a large number of relatively penniless young men, and a larger number of young women whose families are comfortably off. In many cases the girls have their own cars or at any rate their families' cars are nearly always available. When the man has no car, the girls usually offer to bring their own. What is more, if they live on the outskirts of the city they often drive in and meet their escorts and, after the party, drive themselves home. In the majority of cases, if it is more convenient, I let them do that. It is only for a girl of your daughters' type that I'd bother to call or drive home.—R. B., *Ottawa.*

HUMAN NATURE has not changed so much in this changing world. The men who run after the "forward" girls are not to be desired for the really good girls. Better by far leave them for their kind. Mothers of good daughters should realize that the dance floor is not the only place where the better type of young men can be found. Why not try encouraging the girls to attend

[Continued on page 31]



## You can begin the second part of this thrilling novel today without missing any important clues

we pick up Adrienne and drive to New York at once to investigate that address."

Adrienne met them at the door, her face questioning. "We've got a little information," Sheridan told her. "Put your things on and I'll tell you as we drive."

In a few minutes they were driving toward New York. When Adrienne heard all they could tell her, she commented: "I wish we could get hold of the subconscious of Smiley."

"We'll keep track of Smiley," Sheridan said, "and I intend to have Liggett watched night and day. That is going to be part of my errand to New York. I can get hold of two sharp detectives to put on the place. We'll know from now on whoever goes to the surgeon's house or comes from it."

"Another thing," Adrienne said. "We ought to examine the passenger lists and see if Franklin's name is on record as having crossed the sea at any time during the past three months. I'd do it myself in the morning, except that I have to break in a new maid. Ethel's sister is sick and she has left, but her cousin, Lena, has come to substitute. I'll be inducting her tomorrow morning."

"The district attorney's office will see to the passenger lists, Adrienne," Sheridan replied.

Adrienne was silent. Did her uncle think in showing so much interest in Colby's situation, she was being disloyal to Hardesty? Her reflections kept her engaged until they reached the city. Colby, too, was silent. He tried to hold his mind off his dilemma, fastening it to the incidents of the drive—the country roads, then the suburbs, the silent business streets, the after-theatre traffic under the glaring lights.

Sheridan drove the car eastward, coming at last to First Street. None of the three really expected that Palgrave would be at the address Liggett had given. After some research, they found the owner of the building, a druggist, who said he had never had a Palgrave among his tenants. When Sheridan described Palgrave as being a gambler and having a stepdaughter to whom he was devoted, the druggist said the description fitted one Jerry Mitchell, who had lived in the building some nine years previously.

"We're not down-hearted," Adrienne commented as they drove away. "We can trace the Palgrave-Mitchells somehow. Besides, there is my advertisement."

"The great thing is," said Sheridan; "that we have got a little start by beginning work tonight. If you two will wait a few minutes I'll get in touch with the detectives I spoke of."

An hour later, when the car set out for the Sheridans' house, it held another passenger, a red-haired, serious-faced person named Simms, whose journey ended outside the walls of the surgeon's house.

Sheridan drove the car home. Entering the grounds, he went swiftly up the driveway. As Adrienne was descending, a shot sounded, and the glass of the windshield was shattered. "Into the house," called Sheridan.

"This won't do, Mr. Sheridan," Colby said, breathlessly. "That shot would never have been fired on your car, but for me."

"I don't lie down under intimidation," Sheridan said. "Nor I," Adrienne added.

THE SOUND of the shot brought the servants clustering to the front door. Sheridan told the chauffeur to take the car around to the garage, while Adrienne reassured the maids. They were all still in the hall when they heard the sound of a car. The bell rang, and Sheridan opened the door to Bristol. As he took off his hat the rings of his fine white hair stood out under the hall light like a halo.

"No rabbits on your lawn surely, Dick? I thought I heard a shot."

"Yes, you did," Sheridan said, "but I haven't seen any rabbits."

Sheridan nodded to the servants to withdraw. Then he said to Colby:

"You'd better be off to bed, young man. You've had what we might call a full day."

Colby said good night and went upstairs. Bristol drew Adrienne's arm through his.

"I don't know what this shot means," he said. "In fact, I don't know what any of it means. But suppose Adrienne had been hit—I am thinking of Roland. You might give him some thought, too, Adrienne."

With his last sentence, Bristol smiled, but Adrienne wondered if that remark had a double meaning. Did he, as well as Roland, think she was concerning herself too much with Colby's affairs?

"Well, I'll be off," Bristol said. "I'd just dropped Baldwin

affair, she, too, will suffer. The broken glass in your car is a hint. Keep out of the case."

"Vile melodrama," said Sheridan angrily. "Or else we are dealing with a lunatic."

He sat down heavily and stared broodingly ahead of him. Adrienne watched him silently. After a time, she put out her hand for the letter.

"May I, Uncle Dick?" she asked.

Sheridan hesitated. "How much are your feelings engaged in this case for Colby?" he asked.

"My feelings?" Adrienne said. "I am as sorry for him as I ever have been for anyone. I want you to work on the case more than I ever wanted any abstract thing."

"Pretty intense," he said; "but wouldn't it do if I found another good lawyer?"

"I should be very sorry if you did that, Uncle Dick; but I'd help the other lawyer all I could."

Sheridan smiled grimly. "I wonder if I haven't brought you up wrong, letting you use your own judgment and have your own way? Do you want to help so much that you would go on with it, even if by doing so, you would bring to light an unhappy family skeleton?"

He handed her the letter and watched her face as she read it.

"My aunt Adela," she said slowly, "who died before I was born?"

Sheridan puffed slowly at his cigar, as he said, half bitterly:

"It will mean nothing to you but a story."

"If you were hurt about aunt Adela," Adrienne said, "that will mean more than just a story to me, Uncle Dick."

"Your aunt Adela," he said, slowly, "was my elder sister. Cub though I was, I understood how beautiful she was. I knew why my mother used always to go to the window to watch her as she walked up the street. As you know, we lived in New York then. In those days it was taken for granted that a girl was Victorian in her point of view; perhaps we were not awake to the fact that in all ages there have been girls of independent thinking, who, outwardly conforming, have led secret lives. Your aunt Adela was one such."

"About twenty-one years ago, just before you were born, I was assistant district attorney in New York, a young squirt, anxious to show what I could do. Francis Pierce, a boy of eighteen, was accused by the state of murder. There is no doubt at all that he was guilty. He had broken into the house of an old man, reputed to be a miser, killed and robbed him."

"One night a caller came to my rooms, a heavily-veiled woman. I had her admitted, though no premonition told me that it was my sister I was going to see. When she threw back her veil and called me 'Littling,' her pet name

for me, I knew her. But all her flashing beauty was gone. She was grey and dim. She had come to see me because the boy accused of murder was her son."

"She had never repented of marrying her lover—she said he was everything to her that a man could be to a woman. She had sent the boy to good schools, had tried to rear him properly. But he had very early shown criminal instincts. Her one hope was to have him adjudged insane and shut up for life. And what she wanted was impossible. I did what I could. I resigned from the district-attorney's office and undertook to defend the case. I told Baldwin, my chief, that I could not in conscience try to convict a youth who was a mere child and irresponsible. Baldwin said that it was better for a youth like Francis Pierce to be wiped from the earth like any other poisonous growth. He was having trouble with his wife at the time. Perhaps that helped to make him bitter. His prosecution of this boy was almost cruel—extraordinarily

[Continued on page 42]



"Do you want to help so much that you would bring to light an unhappy family skeleton?"

at his place and was coming home. We'd been to a blood and thunder movie."

After he had gone, the chauffeur came in to report that he had found no one in the grounds, and no signs that anyone had been there. Adrienne and her uncle discussed the shooting for a few minutes, and then they went into his study.

"Look," Adrienne said, "one of the shades has sprung up." She went to the window to pull it down. Under the screen and upon the inside sill a large square envelope had been placed.

Sheridan took the letter. He opened the envelope and read the irregular printing on the single sheet it contained:

"Richard Sheridan: If you act as counsel for Franklin Colby, the secret connected with your sister, Adela, which you have hidden all these years, will be revealed in the public press. If your niece concerns herself in this

In his eyes she could read his  
bewilderment and his cruel anxiety.

her bed; returned with stiff lips the old woman's smile from the doorway, watched darkness blot out the shapeless form, heard the soft closing of the door. Then she began to cry.

She cried for a long time. Then she sat up in bed and switched on the bedside lamp. She was crazy, of course. If she had any sense she would go to sleep. Tomorrow was going to be difficult enough without having her nerves on edge because of a sleepless night, and looking ghastly because of crying fits. She blew her nose, then sat with her arms locked round her hunched knees and said to herself: Count your many blessings, for heaven's sake. But the first blessing to count, obviously, was Frederick, who would be her husband this time tomorrow night, and counting him she began to cry again, so she picked up a book from the table beside her bed. It was called "The Garden of Bright Waters," and she didn't know how it got there. The first verses she saw were called "A Poet Thinks," and without reading them she fell to reflecting that poets were more fortunate than most men. Because the ordinary person didn't dare to think, let alone write down what he thought. And then the pages fluttered under her fingers and she was reading,

"Here is the wind in the morning,  
The kind, red face of God  
Is looking over the hill we are climbing.  
Tomorrow we are going to marry,  
And work and play together,  
And laugh together at things  
Which would not amuse our neighbors."

That was called the "Marriage Song of Kafiristan," and she lay back with the opened book pressed against her breast and stared at the ceiling. And the pain she felt was almost physical although it had only to do with longing and regrets and nothing to do with her beautiful, healthy body except in so far as the thought that that body would be in Frederick's arms tomorrow night.

Tomorrow we are going to marry, she said. But we won't work together. Work, Frederick liked to say, was the curse of the drinking classes. He knew a few quotations. And we won't play together, because Frederick's play will be such hard work although I've been ten years training for it. And we will never, never laugh at things which do not amuse our neighbors. Frederick seldom laughed, and then strictly at things which amused his neighbors. Supposing, Louise thought, these verses were shown to Frederick. Would he see what they told about? The lovely secret world that marriage was for lovers?

She lifted the book again, and on the opposite page she saw another song. She was a fool to cry. Crying never helped anyone. She read it through, then quoted aloud:

"We will go to the temple and sacrifice  
To the god Pandu that you may have many  
children.  
And while they eat and drink greatly for three days  
I will wind silver rings upon your arms and feet,  
And hang a chain of river gold about your neck."

That was called "Popular Song of Kafiristan." The other little one was merely "Song." So even in Kafiristan the brilliant marriage was popular. Heaps more fun. What had Kafiristan society to do with secret worlds where married lovers worked and played and laughed at things which did not amuse their neighbors?

There was a drop of blood on her lip and she wiped it off carefully, wondering if it would leave a mark.

Frederick would understand that song more easily. He could well hang silver rings and river gold, and, leaving out the god Pandu, it was part of the arrangement that one would have many children—sons, for preference. It had taken seven recorded centuries to produce Frederick, and though some might think that a waste of time, Frederick and his family didn't, nor that all the centuries to come should be devoted to the continuation of Frederick's line. Well, you couldn't blame them. A habit of mind must be cast-iron after seven hundred years. And they always married beautiful women. That's why Frederick was marrying her—because she was beautiful, and because, with her aunt's help, she had been so very clever in appearing exactly the same as any one of the young women Frederick might have married—only more [Continued on page 33]



Here is the wind in the morning.  
The kind, red face of God  
Is looking over the hill we are climbing.  
Tomorrow we are going to marry  
And work and play together  
And laugh together at things  
Which would not amuse our neighbors.

—"The Marriage Song of Kafiristan"

ILLUSTRATED BY W. V. CHAMBERS



# The Marriage Song

by VELIA ERCOLE



AS HER AUNT SYBIL embraced her, wisps of anion and lace fell on Louise's naked shoulders and a wave of perfume which she recognized to be *nuit d'amour* almost choked her. Then she lost all desire to cry. For a few minutes she had thought of Aunt Sybil as merely a kind old woman. She had been watching, as she lay in bed, the shapeless, uncorseted figure as it moved here and there about the room, laying garments on chairs, examining near-sightedly the labels on trunks, and for the first time in their long association she had thought that there might be, cased in this splendid but inhuman production of beauty experts, dressmakers and fashionable conventions, a human old woman who must surely love her, and who, if put to it, would prove tolerant, wise and understanding.

But when her aunt kissed her, she knew the wish had been father to the thought.

"Good night dear," she said, a bit bleakly but without weakness. You couldn't very well cry against a face which should have been sixty years old, but which had been lifted until it felt and looked like forty, and which smelled of *nuit d'amour*. Nor could you show to those blank, unlined eyes, which should have been wrinkled with years and understanding, the marks which your nails were making in your palms, nor shout to ears, long since trained to deafness, that you were hating everything, that all your body was rigid with revolt. To do any of these things would prove you a fool. And you had spent a number of years learning not to be a fool.

"Good night, child. And you must go to sleep at once."

"Yes," said Louise. "And, Aunt Sybil, I don't want to sound sentimental, but thanks for everything." She waved her hand at the littered room. Her hand was small and very white and her nails were painted red as blood. "I'm sure that's the most marvellous trousseau a girl ever had. You've been wonderful."

Aunt Sybil patted her niece's golden head. "Darling," she said. "Don't talk nonsense. I've enjoyed buying this trousseau as much as you have. I've always enjoyed your clothes—except the ones you were wearing when you first came here."

"I was not very smart," said Louise. "Round-eyed, country innocent, with clothes to match." She eyed a sports suit which had been left undecidedly on a chair back, and which cost ten times as much as the suit she had worn on that day when she had first come to live with her aunt. She wondered if she would be as unhappy wearing this suit as she had been wearing that other. She thought it quite probable.

"Rustic beauty," said Aunt Sybil, "is not very effective except in poetry."

"I suppose not," said Louise.

Her aunt regarded her for a few moments. "Can you see yourself in that mirror?"

Louise looked toward the mirror; saw, in the silver surface, her golden-gleaming head against piled satin pillows. Her shoulders gleamed. Everything gleamed and glittered and flashed except the web of lace which curved over her breasts. She sighed.

"Do you think you'd look so if you had washed your hair yourself for the last ten years and given your skin cheap cold cream instead of leisure and the right kind of food and attention? And would a cotton night dress against cotton pillows give you beauty like that?"

"You're right, of course."

"You see, real beauty costs money—a great deal of money, my dear. But it is an investment which repays one."

"Yes," said Louise. "I suppose Frederick might be called our first big dividend."

Her aunt smoothed a pile of satin lingerie.

"Darling," she said. "Isn't that being a little crude? I thought you'd learned the things one does not say. But you are overwrought and tired, dear. You simply must go to sleep now. And I won't have you called until ten o'clock. You're not to think of anything now except your happiness. You are a very lucky girl. Don't worry or fuss. You've not to think of a single detail. All you have to do is rest and look your best tomorrow."

"Yes," said Louise, in a resigned tone.

"Good night darling."

"Good night, aunt." Her eyes were very wide and dark. She watched her aunt switch off the light near the table, then the light beside

After that, they plodded in silence. "His first child," Roger whispered.

These rooms, shown through the courtesy of Eaton's - College Street, were designed by René Cera, who also designed these pages

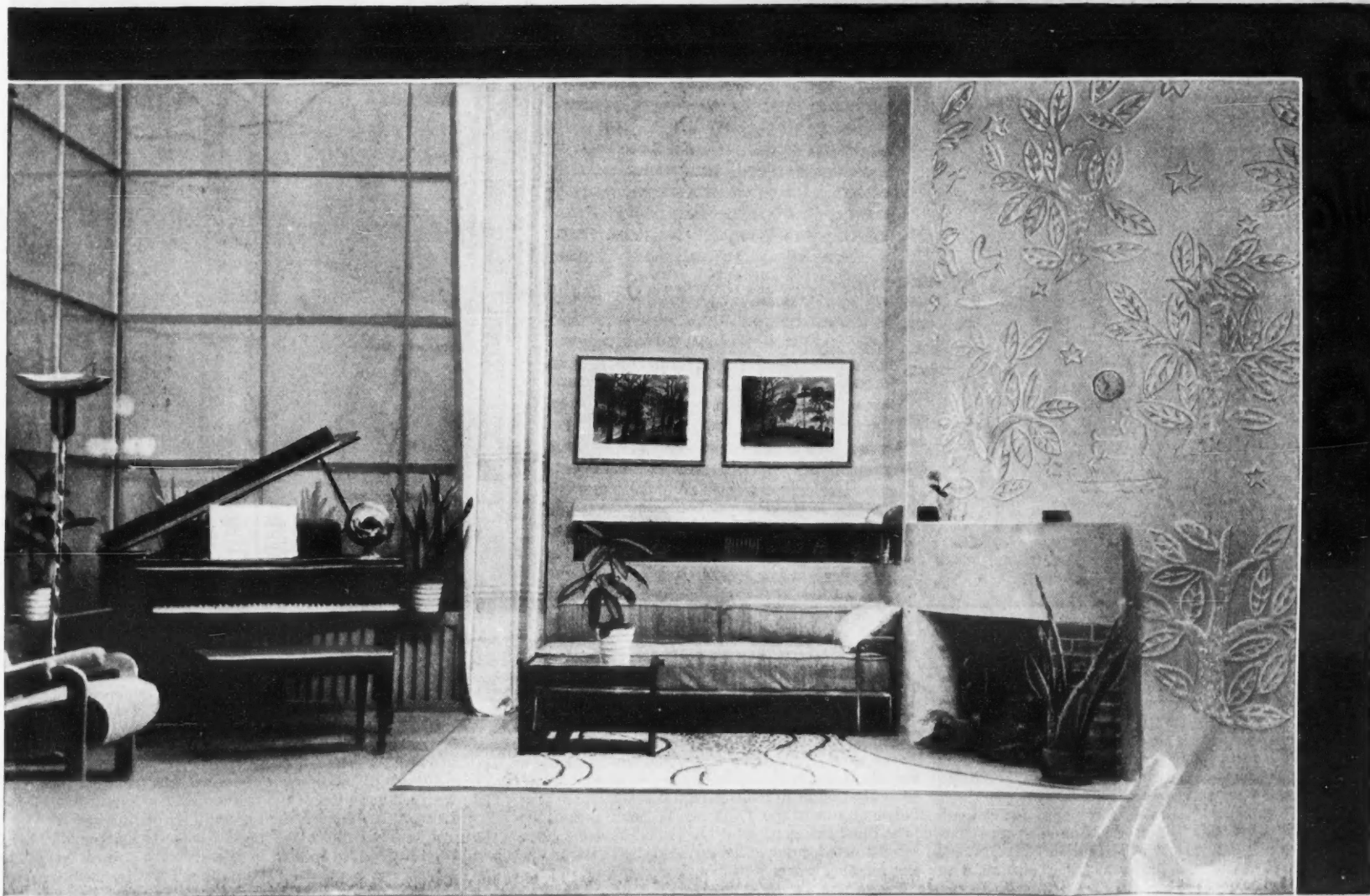
... by ELEANOR STEPHENS

in construction and in fashionable draperies. He would learn that texture is regarded as more important than pattern in draperies and wall papers; that electricity managed in new ways gives an almost daylight lighting. He would find himself in the midst of the evolution of a style as distinctive as that to which he gave his name; far more deeply rooted in logic and suited to the needs of an age of concrete, steel and electricity.

In the last thirty years we have become modern—in our ideas of art as well as of science and social economics. We are at the beginning of a new era which is marked by a new style in architecture and decoration that we call, quite simply, Modern, regardless of what posterity may designate it.

We owe it, first of all, to the vision of a group of artists in the 1880's, who were in revolt against the plasterings and excessive ornamentation of the Victorian age. Their influence spread from Paris, throughout Europe, and in Scotland some of the exponents—various architects were interested—actually made furniture in keeping with the new ideas. The furniture was exhibited in Glasgow and later in Vienna in 1900.

Here, then, was the inception of the new style, which was given great impetus by the conquest of electricity, the discovery of new materials—such [Continued on page 24]







## Forging a New Tradition

IF CHIPPENDALE, whose book was published in 1754, had come back to earth in 1913 he might well have thought himself in another planet, so great were the changes in towns during 130 years—motors, telegraph poles, concrete roads, electric grids; railways, electric lights, steamships—different fashions in dress. But if he wandered through the houses he had furnished he would have found himself in familiar surroundings. Except for the bathrooms and rather primitive refrigerators, and perhaps an electric or gas stove in the kitchen, there would have been little change—the same types of tables and chairs and desks (even though bad copies of his own), the same kinds of carpets and curtains.

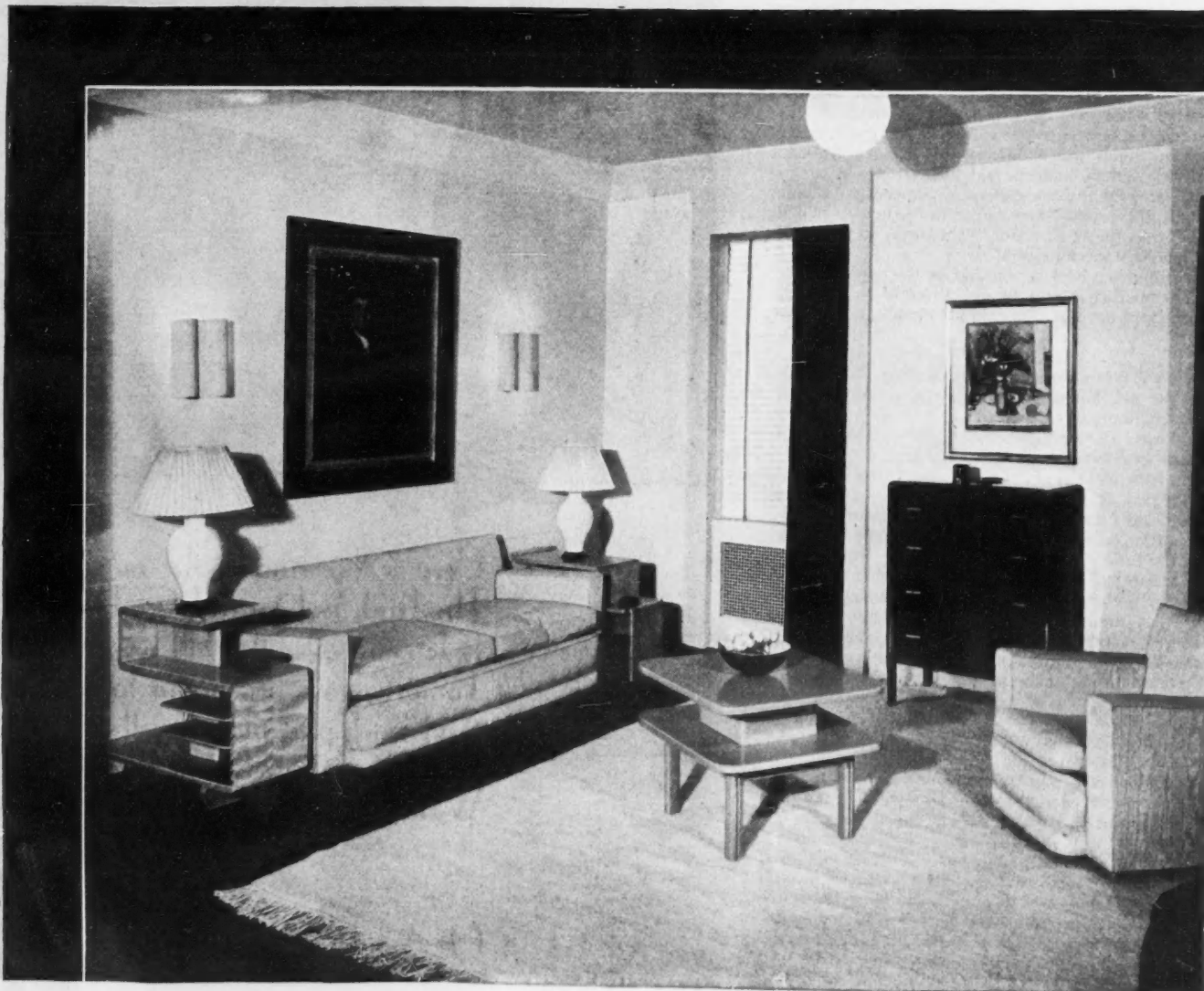
If, however, he came back in 1933 he would find that the transformation in modes and methods was by no means confined to traffic and lighting and fashions. He would see that skyscrapers, buildings and bridges of concrete and steel had multiplied. He would find in the houses, radios, pianos, refrigerators and an entirely new type of furniture, in which laminated veneers and steel give effects impossible in his day. He would discover new materials used

Chartreuse green is the background for furniture in brown elm-burl and old ivory in the bedroom above. On the beige carpet is a chartreuse rug with vividly colored discs for design.

The room to the left is in ivory and black with touches of lacquer red. Chesterfield and chair in ivory moiré, against ivory walls. Other furniture in black. Rug in creamy wool fabric.

The bachelor's room is striking with its modern design in plaster above the fireplace, and the recessed bookshelf with concealed lighting. See opposite page.

The man's bedroom has furniture of steel, lacquered red, with "trimmings" of bright steel to match the bed. Walls are oyster color; rugs are black and white.





Nititus' hand closed  
on my arm and then  
relaxed in resignation

was unlike other Egyptian figures that are always stiff with religious conventionality. Indeed so perfect was its delicate molding and transparent drapery that even my prosaic appreciation was roused and inspired. Graceful in her illusive femininity and glowing with the buoyant freshness of youth, the figure stood with arms raised in an attitude of divine adoration to the gleaming altar where red flames burnt in golden lamps. In the soft rose light flickering on her delicate contours, she appeared transfigured. For an instant, I thought of her as a living being. It was not so much respect for her holy office, however, that held my attention—I was yet to learn to appreciate the sublime philosophy of her faith—nor was it merely the perfection of her symmetry that caught my fancy. It was rather my surprise and—yes, my regret—when I saw that she was blind. Unmarked by the chisel of her creator, her forehead was a square, obtrusive, sightless block.

I TOOK A SEAT on a long bench, the better to study the other contents of the shrine. On the left a row of glassy-eyed mummies in brilliantly-colored cases stared with the inscrutable smile of the ancient, ever indifferent for the triviality of the modern. In front of these, and facing the altar, a large figure of Thoth, the ibis-headed god of Truth, who kept the record of human sin or purity, stared fixedly before him. Tablet in hand and stylus poised, he appeared to be waiting to record the story of my failure or success, my faith or my apostasy. Across the chamber, Anubis held the scales of justice. His jackal head with pointed ears and grinning lips was heedless of the joy or sorrow that the evidence of his balance yielded. A large stone sarcophagus, noticeable by its very size and dismal suggestiveness, lay by the side of the altar. I seemed to hear it whispering with dusty voice, "As they are; you shall be. Time passes; life passes; death alone remains."

Unconsciously my eyes returned to the statue. It startled and thrilled me. It seemed to me that this figure was the centre of some drama and that the other figures stood waiting patiently for the action to commence.

How long I was thus absorbed I cannot say. I had lost all sense of time. Something of the mystery of the place took possession of my senses. I had ceased to think in terms of my own personality. Myriads of tiny voices, yet each one distinct and recognizable, whispered to me eagerly, as though striving to drive into my soul some vast, some almost incomprehensible truth. A flash of lightning filled the dark panel of the door to the shrine. There was a hushed rumble of distant thunder, and then silence. I remember experiencing a feeling of weariness and oppression.

Suddenly I sat up, my nerves a-tingle. I distinctly heard the sound of ripping and tearing. Someone gasped for breath. Metal jingled on stone. There was a crackling noise like the breaking of wax seals. The red flames on the altar fluttered once or twice and their fire paled slightly. The noise had ceased—a brooding oppressive stillness

ensued. All the little voices about me fell silent as though in the presence of some mystery greater, more powerful than their own.

It was as though the realm of the living without, and the realm of the dead within, hung voiceless, waiting and watching. My eyes were drawn to the great stone sarcophagus. I distinctly saw the heavy lid move slowly. As though raised by pressure from within, it swung open and back. The noise of tearing cloth increased as the head and shoulders of a man appeared, hung with torn mummy wrappings. The figure was facing me and though the features under the brown linen wrappings were unrecognizable, I heard the voice.

"Praise be unto thee, Osiris, judge of the dead. And unto thee, Horus, who rulest earth, be praise! May Anubis grant that my eyes be unswathed, that I may see her. May Thoth grant that my ears be loosed, that I may hear her voice. May Isis grant that my limbs be [Continued on page 18]

with the modern iconoclasts who scoffingly asserted that there was nothing occult in Egyptian superstitions, and that the power of their wonderful faith died with them. I would not argue so positively now.

But there, I cannot expect you to understand, at least not until I tell you—perhaps not then. In this modern life of universal science, when every emotion of the human heart has been analyzed and charted; when the noble faiths of the ancient world are the jest of the superficial modern, nothing is believed that does not pass the test of the scientist's laboratory. So I do not attempt to prove: I merely narrate. Sufficient for me that I saw her; that I heard her voice, as, redeemed by his devotion from centuries of death, she quivered into palpitating life and love.

I HAD been ordered to visit Assuan for a rest from the financial strain that wrecked my nerves. I mention this fact of my business merely to evidence my naturally conservative and unromantic character. I am not given to "seeing things."

I had spent the best part of an afternoon tramping the long galleries, and came finally, quite by chance, upon a

little known and rarely visited part of the building. Here, the authorities, with a more than usual respect for the fitness of things, had reconstructed a shrine of the god Basht from the great temple of Bubastis.

Before the doorway that led to this secluded spot, the full-size figure of a large cat crouched in polished granite. Its unblinking eyes glared defiance at me, as though his stone heart spat ancient hate at one who would dare intrude upon this spot where, in early days, the mysteries of his worship were practised.

I cannot adequately explain the strange emotion that surged over me as I stepped inside the shrine. As my eyes became accustomed to the soft light I saw that the walls were covered with bas-reliefs, while individual figures of the ancient gods stood solemnly on guard.

What particularly caught my eye was a life-size statue of a woman, wonderfully carved from some pure white stone. It

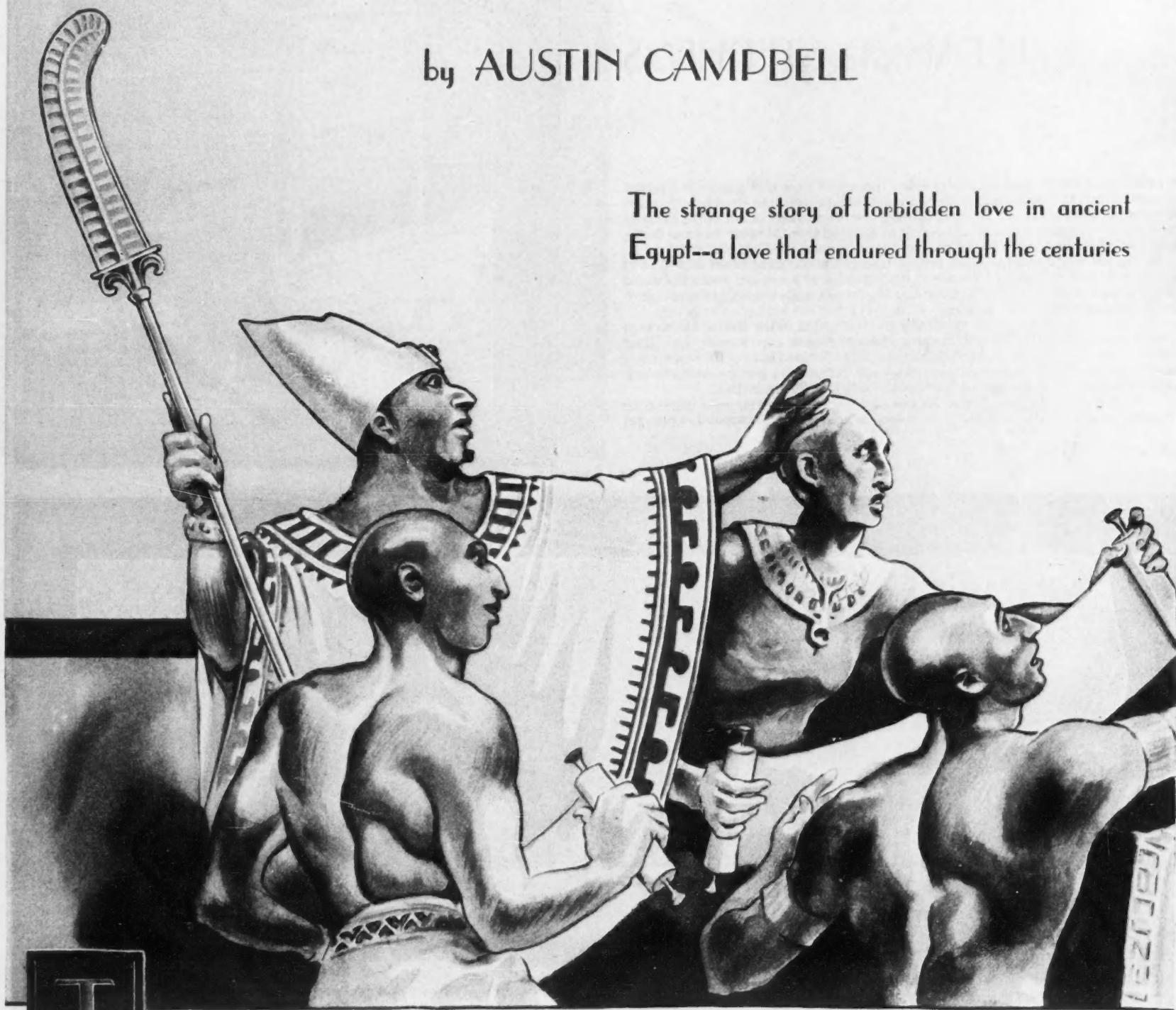
ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK MATTESON



# The Virgin of Bubastis

by AUSTIN CAMPBELL

The strange story of forbidden love in ancient Egypt--a love that endured through the centuries



**T**HE TRUTH is that I do not at all pretend to be able to explain the case. I only know what my senses, conscious or unconscious, experienced that night in the Cairo museum. Doubtless those whose studies fathom the depths of the human mind, will declare it all a hallucination, due to my weakened physical condition.

However that may be, the meteorological records will attest that there was a thunderstorm in Cairo on the evening of November 6, 1933. That is a sufficiently exceptional occurrence in Egypt to deserve note and give substantiation

to my statement. More than that, one of the local papers the next morning carried the following unusual story.

Cairo, November 7, 1933.—“Credence to the many stories extant concerning the occult powers of the ancient Egyptians would appear to have received support in occurrences last night in the Bubastis wing of the museum. The famous statue of the ‘Unknown Woman,’ commonly called ‘The Blind Priestess,’ which has stood for some years in the reconstructed shrine of the cat-headed god, Basht, was found this morning broken into countless fragments. The mummy

of Meren, a priest of Bubastis, was removed from its great stone sarcophagus in the shrine; was unwrapped and the body apparently stolen. The officials are at a loss to account, either for the act of vandalism, or for the manner in which the crime was perpetrated.”

Details of the opinion of the curator followed, together with a description of the statue; but not a hint of the real truth of the occurrences. I doubt if anyone guessed.

I am normally a very prosaic business man, and I have been little given to hold in reverence the strange creeds of the ancient Egyptians. If anything, I was inclined to agree

# Its flavor has never been equalled!

EAT SOUP AND KEEP WELL



### Delicious either way!

To serve it as Tomato Soup, add water. To serve it as Cream of Tomato, add milk or cream. Enjoy it both ways!

### 21 kinds to choose from . . .

Asparagus	Consommé	Pepper Pot
Bean	Julienne	Printanier
Beef	Mock Turtle	Tomato
Bouillon	Mulligatawny	Tomato-Okra
Celery	Mutton	Vegetable
Chicken with Rice	Ox Tail	Vegetable-Beef
Clam Chowder	Pea	Vermicelli-Tomato

12 cents a can  
except "Chicken with Rice"

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

My crooning every  
Heart will touch—  
I love you, Campbell's,  
Oh so much!



## Campbell's Tomato Soup

MADE IN CANADA BY THE CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY LTD, NEW TORONTO, ONTARIO

One of the great culinary masterpieces of the world! A soup which by sheer deliciousness of flavor has won a fame that goes round the globe! Campbell's Tomato Soup—as bright and sparkling and sunny a delight as you ever lifted to your lips.

How can it be so good? What makes it such an outstanding favorite? It's because not only the ruddiest, most luscious Canadian tomatoes but also years and years of experience go into it. It's because Campbell's are the world's acknowledged leaders in good soup-making. It's because Campbell's strict standards of quality and excellence are made possible by the most completely and scientifically equipped soup-kitchens in existence.

You realize the extra value, the *assured* goodness and purity of Campbell's Tomato Soup. But do you realize how little you pay for such supreme satisfaction. One visit to your grocer will prove to you that there's absolutely no reason why you cannot *always* enjoy "the most popular soup ever made"—Campbell's Tomato Soup!





# AN OPEN LETTER TO THE PREMIER



**I** AM A Canadian housewife and the mother of four lusty boys. My husband has been taken care of with a job. His wages are thirty-nine dollars and fifty cents a month and his own board, and presumably we are self-sustaining.

We are not entitled to any extra assistance in the form of relief. As a problem we have been solved and are figuratively filed away as business attended to and shelved.

We were in the ranks of the unemployed. For two years we went to bed each night wondering where the next day's sustenance was coming from: a little work here, a little help there. We kept off actual relief, but in the main we drew on the sympathy of our friends and relatives, and sympathy is a commodity that frays at the edges if imposed on continually.

Then the sun shone. The man of the family was to be put to work, not tantalizingly for one day, but for six months or one year. We wept a little together—the way had been hard. This meant separation but we faced it resolutely, for he was to go to one of the great work camps that are scattered throughout the Dominion.

After a year of labor—and hard labor—advancement came in responsibility but, alas, a decrease in pay was put into effect. We were to exist upon the magnificent sum of thirty-nine dollars and fifty cents, as before mentioned.

Better than nothing? Perhaps. I don't know. We racked our brains for new places to retrench. There were none. We are at least ten dollars short of independence each month, an anomalous position for a man who is giving his all in the way of time and work while his family must either "run their faces" for first one thing and then another, or else start the round of their family again. In other words we are accumulating a debt that we can give no promise of repaying, for our future is more than vague.

Here is our budget. I have averaged such things as fuel, etc.

Is a man taken care of when his family cannot possibly live on the amount he makes - and his full time is taken up by his employer?

Rent.....	\$12.00
Fuel.....	7.00
Light.....	1.50
Milk.....	6.00
Dad's exp. (clothes, etc.).....	3.50
Drugs.....	1.00
	<hr/>
	\$31.00

In other words I have left eight dollars and fifty cents with which to feed and clothe five for a month. It can't be done.

WERE I a widow without any assets and possessed of the same family of four children under the age of fifteen years, I would be entitled to secure maintenance from the allowance for bereaved and dependent children—spoken of generally and incorrectly as "The Mother's Allowance." They have worked out a schedule which I have before me. It is based upon the least possible amount whereon families of varying sizes can be self-sustaining. The allowances consist of provision for:

- (1) Food and clothing.
- (2) Rent or interest, taxes and insurance in lieu of rent.
- (3) Operating expenses: e.g., kitchen fuel, light, water, cleaning, recreation and equipment.

Under the present 1933 schedule I would draw the sum of fifty-eight dollars and fifty cents monthly. Is this schedule, which has been compiled by government experts, not

available to employers, particularly to the various other departments of the government that are in charge of employing men in an endeavor to make them self-supporting

WERE MY husband unable to work through ill-health over a period of six months, we would come under the disability income provision of this act. Under these circumstances we would receive the sum of sixty-seven dollars and five cents per month.

It has always been understood that there was a minimum wage act in our province for married men. Where is it hiding? I presume it has been dissolved in its own tears at the base desertion of its parents.

I am an economist—household, not political; but, if there is a degree to be granted for the former, I feel that I have earned it. I am a graduate of the school whose name is legion. There is no hall capable of holding our convocation exercises, but even we, with the education we have received in the past few years, cannot accomplish the impossible. I presume that the government's most practical answer to our problem would be to appoint one of the political variety at \$5,000 a year to solve how we can live on less than one tenth of that amount.

I have no remedy to suggest for the present state of this world's finances. But I do think that the men who are put to work, should be allowed at least an existence for their families, especially providing that they are giving worth for their wage.

I love my country and I am [Continued on page 24]

# "Her headaches and tired feeling disappeared—"

reports the famous  
**DR. OLIVIER TAILLANDIER**  
of the Salpêtrière Hospital, Paris

• Dr. Taillandier is consultant at l'Hôpital de la Salpêtrière, Paris. He describes a typical case from his own practice, below.

• Dr. Taillandier—gastro-enterologist—consultant on digestive disorders—noted contributor to the French "Bulletin de la Société de Biologie". . .

Below, this famous doctor describes a typical case from his own practice to illustrate the effect of eating yeast. He then adds:—

"When intestines grow tired, poisons seep into the blood. Unwholesome breath and a coated tongue follow . . . the effects are also often noticed in headaches, loss of energy . . .

"We have at hand a remarkable *food*—yeast—which has an astonishing effect on constipation. Yeast stimulates Nature to do her own work in purifying the system . . . Improved general health results."



"PATIENT COMPLAINED of headaches and tiredness. I examined her. The whites of her eyes were yellow . . .



"HER TONGUE WAS COATED. She had dull pains in the abdomen—confessed she had been using cathartics . . .



"MANUAL EXAMINATION and X-rays showed what was causing her trouble . . . constipation. I prescribed yeast . . .



"IT RESTORED her elimination to normal, purified her system. Her headaches and tired feeling soon disappeared."



"In two weeks my sluggishness changed to pep," writes Miss Purcell

"I wasn't getting enough exercise," writes Miss M. Ann Purcell, of Dickinson's Landing, Ont. "I felt lousy, my whole system was run-down and sluggish. And my skin was terrible . . . I read what doctors said about Fleischmann's Yeast and tried it, and in two weeks my sluggishness left and I began to have more pep. In three weeks my complexion began to clear, too."

**D**ID you know that headaches—like indigestion, bad skin, that "tired feeling"—may mean nothing more or less than an unclean condition of your *intestines*?

If your head aches often, go to see a doctor, by all means. **BUT**—if you are at all constipated—don't wait to start eating Fleischmann's Yeast. Probably it's just what you need!

Eaten regularly—2 cakes a day—Fleischmann's

Yeast actually "tones" and stimulates your intestines. It also softens the waste matter that accumulates in your body every day.

And when normal elimination is restored, you feel so much better. Your digestion improves. You have more energy. You *look* better, too, the minute the clean condition of your intestinal tract begins to reflect itself in your skin.

Isn't it well worth the effort? Then try it. You can get Fleischmann's Yeast, you know, at grocers, restaurants, drug stores and soda fountains, and each cake is rich in health-giving vitamins B, G and D.

Just eat it before breakfast, and before supper or at bedtime—plain or in a third of a glass of water. Add Fleischmann's Yeast to your diet today!





## The Virgin of Bubastis

(Continued from page 15)

unfastened and my heart restored, that I may serve and love her."

As the phrases of the prayer were uttered, the wrappings fell away from the head and shoulders of the mummy, and a living man stepped out of the tomb and stood before me.

I do not remember being alarmed at the occurrence, nor did I experience any of those supernatural thrills usually associated with such happenings. The figure was so evidently human and so obviously alive, that I was, in fact, more or less relieved by the presence of living companionship.

Having taken a quick glance at his surroundings, which appeared to please him, the man reached into the sarcophagus and produced a worn, wooden mallet and a number of chisels green and corroded with age. Arranging these on the floor at the feet of the statue, he fell to examining the figure with interest. I heard him mutter words which were unintelligible to me, though the name "Nititus" was often repeated as though addressed to the statue.

He was obviously happy, for he made little chirping sounds of delight as he walked around and around the figure. He examined it affectionately, I thought, and ran his fingers concernedly over the few scratches and breaks that time had marked in the stone. He was dressed in a thin cloak or tunic of white linen, caught loosely at the middle with a girdle of gilt rope. His feet and legs were bare and his black, straight hair, neatly trimmed, hung almost to his shoulders.

HAVING EXAMINED the figure from all sides, he finally paused and in silence studied the head with the blank space of the uncompleted eyes. Then turning to me, as though he had all the time been conscious of my presence, he smiled pleasantly and touching a hand to one knee, bowed courteously.

"May I ask, are you also interested in the priestess Nititus, and do you believe that she sinned?"

I was hardly prepared for the last question, but the speaker's tones were so earnest that I tried to think up an answer. Without waiting for me, he continued:

"It may surprise you, though it should not, how I am able to address you in your tongue, and just how I come to be here. The fault is not yours personally, you being merely the victim of modern indifference to the truths of the ancient."

Somehow, I could not answer him. I felt his criticism to be justified.

"However, why pursue the subject further?" he continued, taking a seat beside me on the long wooden bench. "I suppose that we, in our time, were equally intolerant. It is an imperfection mankind acquired with the gift of thought. Your chance presence here this evening is fortunate. You have been privileged to witness the material working out of our greatest truth, namely, the resurrection of the actual body, or rather, as we called it, 'The coming forth into day.' You are shortly to witness the operation of another of our beliefs."

"I am afraid you will have to excuse my ignorance of your faith," I attempted to explain. He did not seem to hear me, for disregarding my remark, he continued:

"If, for any reason, the body was not embalmed, it would naturally by process of Nature vanish, and the ill-fated soul, when returning, would have no habitation. This was the greatest terror of our faith. Just as resurrection was our most sublime hope, so the destruction of the body was our most abject fear. A soul thus disembodied was doomed to wander disconsolate eternally, denied the association of companions; denied

food and shelter; denied all that is humanly pleasant and divinely glorious. Known criminals or admittedly wicked people were never embalmed. By decree of the court of the Forty-two Assessors, such were doomed to destruction in the fire."

His voice fell to a dismal whisper. He indicated the statue.

"She, Nititus, was not embalmed. The purity or sin of the 'Virgin of Bubastis' is a secret locked in the voiceless vault of time."

The speaker paused as he gravely contemplated the motionless figure. I could have imagined tears in his eyes as he stated a fact that questioned the chastity of her whose every line spoke purity and innocence.

He was speaking again; though now his attitude was quite impersonal. I had the impression that he was thinking aloud rather than speaking to me, I being merely privileged to listen.

"The rule of the Virgin Priestess, Nititus, is perhaps not now a matter of common knowledge. But to myself who knew and loved her, the certainty of her existence is just as positive as the mystery of her chastity is unknown. That her beauty was exceptional and her charms almost divine, this statue attests. Rigid custom guarded her person with zealous fervor; she was the virgin servant of the god, whose spirit, inhabiting the body of the sacred cat, brooded alone in the holy inmost shrine of the temple.

"That the merest scratch of the god's

Nititus had calmed the divine anger and averted further deaths marked her as one especially favored. She was at once ordained to the holy office, nor could any man come nigh to her; such was the temper and the fury of the god.

"She was loved and revered in the temple and the city and through all the land of Egypt. Her beauty was told in the tales of the storytellers and sung in the ballads of the minstrels. Scribes and poets extolled her virtues, likening the wonder of the dawn to the beauty of Nititus; and the sweetness of lotus buds to the purity of her soul."

THE SPEAKER paused for a moment and I thought I heard him sigh softly.

"I was the chief sculptor of the temple. I had devoted my life to the building's adornment and many of the bas-reliefs and inscriptions were the work of my chisel. It was a labor of love. In the execution of my task, I often had occasion to see the priestess and to speak to her. Indeed, more than once she sketched for me, on a papyrus sheet, some design or inscription and directed my chisel as I transferred her idea to deathless rock. She praised my work and encouraged my imagination to create greater glories for the gods. We were together often. Is it any wonder that I came to love her, hopeless though that affection might be, from a humble hewer of stone, for the virgin of Bubastis? I was horrified, terrified at my presumption. I was appalled at my sin.

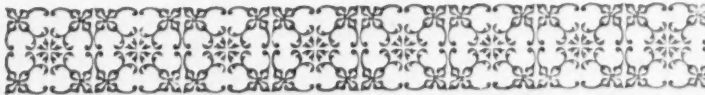


## FORBIDDEN

by Clara Bernhardt

I would have held you close within my arms,  
And laid your weary head upon my breast,  
And made the magic of my voice weave charms  
To lullaby your burdened heart to rest;  
Against my eager cheek have felt your hair,  
With tenderness have soothed your tired lips,  
And touched, at least, the sacred places where  
Two dimples always taunt my fingertips.

All this, and more, I would have done for you  
The night you looked at me with stricken eyes;  
I think I could have killed the person who  
Demolished dreams and left you broken, wise.  
And though my body yearned with pain, dear child,  
I only glanced at you again, and smiled.



claws brought instant death, was a fact only too well known. In truth, such had been the fate of Serek, the father of Nititus and late high priest, to whose holy office Nititus had succeeded. At all events, that is the story the priests told the people that fatal day as they bore the fragments of Serek's body to the embalmers. Serek, they explained, had unwisely raised his hand to punish the child, Nititus, for some fancied fault. The god sprang upon him and tore him to pieces on the marble floor of the sanctuary. Not till Nititus circled her small arms about the cat's neck could the attendant remove the remains. The pieces were displayed as the mark of the god's fury, and the story of how

"I strove to efface my growing passion in greater devotion to my task. I tried to hide my love of the human by carving deeper my love for the gods. I drove my chisel in a frenzy. I labored from dawn till sunset—often long into the night. It was vain. Though the temple walls sprang into sculptured life, I could not kill my love for Nititus.

"I dared not tell my secret, for the merest hint of my love would cast a blemish on her virgin purity. I tried to avoid meeting her, and hid myself in my cell when I thought she might be about. It was a torture from which death would have been a welcome relief.

"It was in this frame of mind that I received the summons to appear before Takhes, the chief of the Court of the Forty-two Assessors. Though Takhes, was second only to Nititus in authority in the temple, he was not by nature interested in art. Takhes, it was rumored, coveted the position held by Nititus. He had, in fact, vigorously opposed her appointment, maintaining that the weaknesses of her sex imperilled the purity of the shrine. But the innocence of the child Nititus, and the affection for her manifested by the sacred person of the cat, had swayed the judgment of the great court. Takhes had been forced to concur.

"I was but a youth at the time, Nititus a child; but the records in the temple library were precise. Often have I read how that at her ordainment, when she stood before the high altar and Takhes dropped the holy oil on her head, the great cat snarled and spat at the chief of the judges and was only restrained from violence by the hand of the young priestess. That Takhes feared the keen claws of the god as much as he hated Nititus, was an open secret in the temple.

"Takhes, was huge in body and coarse in nature. More than once he had given evidence of his dislike for me and his scorn of my craft. Imagine, then, my surprise when he commanded me that I should forthwith commence work on a statue of the sacred person of the priestess Nititus.

"For a moment I was paralyzed with misgivings. I feared to trust my emotions in her presence. I feared that love of the woman would mar the skill of my chisel. I contemplated instant flight. A block of purest limestone had been placed ready for me in her shrine. With my chisels, mallet, brushes and sharpening stone I forced myself there. Nititus, in all the glory of perfect womanhood, greeted me and bade me commence. How I hewed out those first strokes I will never know, but as my chisel steadied to the task I found my fervor fired with the inspiration to carve a perfect figure as a gift to the gods and a tribute to my love.

"The flame of my artistry burned brilliantly. I had reached the zenith of my skill, and before me, her figure glowing with the perfection of mortal loveliness, Nititus, the radiant virgin of Bubastis, smiled on my work and my devotion.

"Daily the guards admitted me to the shrine, and daily she posed for me, standing by the lighted altar, her fingers toying with the fur of the cat, and her soft eyes regarding me tenderly. Daily I toiled, transposing to the living rock the grace and beauty of the living girl. Daily the charm of her figure grew, and a new light, as of holy joy, lay on her rounded cheeks, and in her eyes. I was hard put to catch the elusive loveliness, so I left till the last the work of carving her eyes.

"How utterly I was destined to repent my delay!

"At last the day came when I could postpone no longer. Perfect, save for the eyes, the beauty of Nititus lived in deathless stone. Side by side, we stood together to admire the work. My chisel and her beauty had created perfection.

"Perfection, yes, but conceived in sin, for I loved the priestess Nititus. As her hands sought for and found mine, I trembled for I knew that she loved me. The god, the sacred cat, rose on his pedestal and, dropping to the floor, rubbed his arched back against my ankle.

"'Tis an omen from the god! Nititus cried in delight. 'Thy labor hath found favor in the sight of the deity. Basht is pleased.'

"I was silent for a moment, regarding the joy in her eyes. My chisel clattered to the floor as I crushed her fingers in the warmth of my love. How I found courage to speak I do not know, unless it was the valor of desperation.

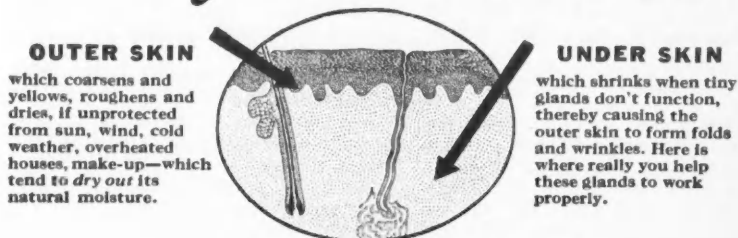
"Ah! Nititus," I whispered, 'for the favor of the gods have I ever labored. Tell me, is it sacrilege to long for thy love?'

"Love of the gods," she replied quietly, 'I have ever known. Now love of thee fills my breast.'

"Then she smiled upon me again, and in  
[Continued on page 30]

# To avoid *Wrinkles* treat your Under Skin

## When Dryness bothers treat your Outer Skin



**WHAT** causes wrinkles? What causes dryness? Since Eve, women have dreaded these two greatest enemies to skin loveliness . . . charm . . . Romance!

Today we know the answer to these old riddles. The structure of the skin is no longer a mystery. Its separate layers have been identified. Their functions explained.

### How Wrinkles Come!

There are two layers of skin. Each entirely different. Both smoothly fitting in youth as the skin and flesh of a firm ripening plum.

But the under skin soon loses that glorious firmness . . . Shrinks, as its own beauty oils fail. The Outer Skin falls into little lines. Eventually, dreaded wrinkles!

Pond's Cold Cream is made to help you avoid these very troubles. It is rich in oils. And it penetrates all the way to the under skin. Brings it just the oils it needs to keep it firm and full. When you use this lovely satiny cream, your skin feels rejuvenated—to its very depth—*instantly!* Because it goes so deep, Pond's Cold Cream is cleanser as well as beauty builder. The thoroughest, most satisfying cleanser in the world.

### How to Correct Dryness

But Dryness occurs in the *Outer Skin!* That thin layer of skin that has to withstand sun, wind, cold, the dry heat of modern houses.

When the moisture cells in this fine skin are dried out by exposure, it becomes harsh, chaps.

Try Pond's Vanishing Cream to correct this trouble. This fragrant, fluffy cream is made especially for the *Outer Skin*. It contains a very marvelous substance that prevents loss of skin moisture—actually restores it, and smooths away roughnesses in one application!

Pond's Vanishing Cream is famous also as a powder base. It takes your make-up beautifully, and holds it for hours.

### Easy to have Beauty like theirs

Some of the most beautiful women in the world use these two creams alone to keep their skin lovely. Try their method yourself for a few days. See how magically Pond's Two Creams used together smooth and soften your skin. Keep it free from lines. Gloriously fresh. Radiant!



### The TWO-SKIN TREATMENT Beautiful Society Women use daily

—as told by

MRS. THOMAS CARNEGIE, JR.

1 "AT NIGHT, I cream my face and neck thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream, then remove it and all the day's dirt and make-up with Pond's lovely, absorbent Tissues. Again I put on Cold Cream. For this second cleansing, I pat the cream in more vigorously. This way it tones my skin deep down. Then Pond's Tissues. My face feels so clean. And my complexion looks bright and fresh.

2 "I PAT ON Pond's Vanishing Cream for my overnight cream. I like it so

much better than those sticky creams, which I just couldn't leave on my face. Pond's fluffy Vanishing Cream has just the softening effect one needs—takes away roughnesses, dryness . . . and it's so utterly delicious to use.

3 "IN THE MORNING, and during the day, I cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream all over again just as at night. After the cleansing, a fluff of Vanishing Cream to prepare my skin for make-up and keep it from chapping or drying. This 2-cream treatment keeps my skin feeling marvelously alive and glowing."

Made in Canada



**OUTER SKIN**  
WHERE  
DRYNESS STARTS

**UNDER SKIN**  
WHERE  
WRINKLES START

*Mrs. George Grant Mason, Jr.,  
Society beauty, cares for her exquisite blonde skin the  
Pond's way . . . Pond's Cold Cream for her Under  
Skin, Pond's Vanishing Cream for her Outer Skin*



Pond's Cold Cream for your Under Skin  
Pond's Vanishing Cream for your  
Outer Skin

### MAIL COUPON AND SEE FOR YOURSELF

POND'S EXTRACT CO. OF CANADA, LTD., Dept. A  
167 Brock Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for samples of  
Pond's Two Creams and six shades of Pond's new Face Powder.

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TUNE IN on the Pond's Players Fridays, 9:30 P.M., E.S.T. WEA and NBC Network





Above, Connie Bennett playing a double rôle in her newest picture, "Moulin Rouge." Ann Harding and Clive Brook in "Gallant Lady." Raquel Torres as the gypsy in the B. I. P. production, "The Red Wagon." Below, Gordon Harker as the Fishmonger who inherits a fortune in "Britannia of Billingsgate" based on the story by a popular Chatelaine contributor —Christine Jope-Slade.



**D**OROTHEA WIECK, the girl who made such a sensation in "Maedchen in Uniform" has gone to Hollywood. And her first picture is the exquisite "Cradle Song" a stage success of some years back. It tells of a beautiful young nun who leaving her own young brothers and sisters behind, is very lonely in her convent until someone leaves a baby girl at the gate. How the young nun watches over the child until she is a gay young girl peering over the convent wall at the great world outside, and how she—the girl—finally leaves to be married, is all the plot there is. But Miss Wieck has such a gentle and spiritual beauty, and the black and white costumes of the nuns photograph so perfectly in their rhythmic patterns that "Cradle Song" is a memorable film.

**JOAN CRAWFORD** goes back to the days of the beginning of her career when she plays the chorus girl in "Dancing Lady." It was when she was in the chorus of the Winter Garden that she was offered her first part in "Pretty Ladies." "Dancing Lady" is a routine story of Broadway, and of a beautiful chorus girl who is sought by a wealthy young patron—Franchot Tone. This lad finally buys out the show to close it and marry Joan. But she learns of the foul deed in time, goes back to the producer—Clark Gable—and catches up on the music and dances in a day's rehearsal. The elaborately staged show is, believe it or not, a rip-roaring success. Winnie Lightner is a welcome member of the cast; so is May Robson. It's an enjoyable picture although there is nothing surprising in the whole evening.

**GORDON HARKER** and Binnie Hale are co-starring in the new British Lion production "This is the Life." These two have an unsuccessful tea-house in England, inherit wealth, have a riotous time living up to their new

by

**ELIZABETH HOPE**

position in society, and end up in the tea-house again. Gordon Harker is, to my mind, one of the funniest comedians on the screen today.

**THERE IS** plenty of excitement in "Stage Mother" the picture in which Alice Brady has the rôle of a vaudeville actress whose life is ruined through her husband's early death, and an unfortunate second marriage. So she resolves that all her thwarted ambitions will flourish in her daughter—Maureen O'Sullivan. As the jealous, fiercely determined woman watching every impulse of her beautiful daughter, and bringing her through poverty to a brilliant success in musical comedy, Alice Brady is first-class. Then one day she has to have an appendicitis operation; and daughter runs off for the day and meets the poor but honest artist Franchot Tone. Mother discovers it and breaks up the affair. The climax in which the daughter denies her mother is one of the most dramatic bits I have seen in the films lately. The story ends happily as it should.



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## The Harpy

(Continued from page 5)

her, he would be angry as the others had been.

"Want to dance?" he asked.

She said yes, and then was sorry. It was too much to feel his arm about her, his hand clasping hers.

"I guess—I'll never see him again," she thought.

It would have to be like that. There was something in her, something she scarcely understood, that forbade her to be light, to be careless.

"Olive," he whispered. "I love you."

She looked up into his face but she could not speak.

"Olive," he said. "Do I get a break?"

"No," she said, gently.

The unsteadiness in his voice was dreadful. Dreadful to hurt him, when he was so sweet to her, so courteous and kind. He wasn't angry like the others. He was just sorry.

"It's not because I—don't like you."

"Some other fellow?"

"No."

"Then, couldn't I know what it is?" He waited, and when she did not answer: "I think I do know," he said. "I'm such a lightweight. I mean, you can like me; but you couldn't take me seriously. I don't know. I've had plenty of chances, but somehow—" He was silent for a moment. "I got kicked out of college," he continued. "It wasn't anything very bad—drinking mostly. Then they sent me on a nice long trip, and I got in a mess in Paris. My people got me out of that, and gave me a job in my uncle's business here. I'm still there, because what's the use of firing me? But I'm not—what you'd call indispensable."

"Let's sit down," said Olive.

He always did whatever she proposed, with ready courtesy so touching to her. He sat down opposite her, and lit a cigarette; he was looking past her, and she kept her eyes upon his handsome, rather haggard young face.

"I get by," he went on, "because my people have money. I found that out when I was a kid. If I didn't have money behind me, I'd be a bum."

"Gerald!"

"It's true," he said. "But I knew from the start that that wouldn't count with you. You'd only care what a man was—not what he had. I never met anyone so beautiful—and wonderful. That first time I met you. . . I remember I went to sleep with my head on your shoulder. I never felt so happy. I've even thought—" He stopped a moment. "It would have been . . . a good thing for me, if I'd never had to wake up. Because . . . you're the one I love and I . . . don't want to go on without you."

She hadn't known or dreamed of this. That he, with his charm and gaiety, had this forlornness in him, that he was unhappy and unsure.

"Gerald," she said. "You . . . just don't know. Why, you're so quick and clever."

"Now I've made you cry. I didn't mean to, darling. You looked so happy before. Will you wash all this out, and look like that again? You can't blame yourself for this. I'm all right for a playboy, but as a husband—"

"A husband? Gerald, you don't mean that?"

She didn't care that she gave herself away utterly by that question; she didn't care that he knew her heart's humility. She loved him, and in that love there was no cautiousness, no reservations, and no armor for her.

"Your family and your friends would think it was—terrible for you—"

"Not when they knew you. Not when they saw you."

"It would spoil things for you, Gerald."

"You don't know what a black sheep I am, Olive. I can't do anything but sail a boat and drive a car."

He really, honestly, didn't understand. But she did, and she was afraid to marry him—for his own sake.

PACKY GAVE another party soon after that, and Gerald was too high-spirited. Olive tried to stop him from drinking; he was sweet to her, made promises—and went on. Then he insisted upon taking her and Alina home; he would go up to the apartment. They each held one of his arms in the elevator; they had glanced at each other, past him, and Alina had not smiled. She didn't think it was a joke. She was sorry.

They made him comfortable on the day bed, and he went to sleep at once. And even then he lost none of his grace; he was a little pale; he looked—just tired.

"Olive," said Alina, "you'd better get out of this now."

"I'm going to marry him," said Olive.

She was crying, and neither she nor Alina paid any attention to those tears. Alina reached for her friend's hand, and they stood there, side by side, looking at Gerald.

"It's funny," said Alina. "I guess we're not so smart, after all."

IT WAS ALINA who got married first, to Packy. She was twenty-three, and he was

husband's money, but because of her own equipment of beauty, and intelligence, and equanimity.

Gerald was disturbed by Alina's marriage. "It seems such a shame," he said, "for a girl like that to marry him."

"He's nice," said Olive. "He's kind."

"Kind?" Gerald repeated in a sort of wonder. "Well, naturally. That's nothing."

"It's more than you think," Olive said to herself. But Gerald didn't know much about how things really were. He had travelled; he had met a variety of people, but they were somehow different. Or else he hadn't troubled to understand them.

"He doesn't really understand me," Olive thought.

It didn't matter. He was so gentle, so honorable, so endearing a lover. Now that Olive was alone in the apartment, he displayed all sorts of scruples; he was extraordinarily particular, even prudish. It made her laugh, and he didn't like that.

"I'm not going to have anybody talk about you," he said.

"But there isn't 'anybody,' Gerald," she told him.

That was another thing he could not understand. Wherever he went, people knew who he was; it had always been so. "That's the Penborough boy." "That's Charles Penborough's son." He did not realize how obscure Olive was, that there really wasn't anybody to notice if he stayed after half-past ten, which was his self-appointed hour.

He wanted to drive her out to see his

certain newspaper, and wouldn't they supply just a few details? "Millionaire's Son Weds Model." Gerald was annoyed, but not too much. He was accustomed to being in newspapers. He proposed driving out to his home at once, so that his people could see what Olive was really like.

"I'll come, if you want, Gerald," she said. "But I think you'd better go alone."

He looked at her for a moment.

"All right, Olive," he said, and he went alone, remembering the look he had seen on her face.

HE CAME BACK that same evening, and he was white and haggard. In their own suite, he began speaking of his family with a bitterness she could scarcely credit.

"Don't, Gerald!" she said. "Please. It's not like you."

She had never yet found him unresponsive or insensitive; he had never been deaf to her words. He kissed her fingers and sat quietly for a moment, holding her hand in his.

"Well," he said, presently. "Anyhow, we've got enough to live on."

What she had to say was terribly difficult for her, but her voice, her tone seemed quite natural and easy.

"I want to keep on with my job, Gerald."

At first he thought that was a caprice on her part. He had an income that would keep them in moderate comfort. He was not going to set foot in his uncle's office again, but somebody else would find something for him. He really didn't know there was any other way of getting a job than through some personal connection.

"But I'm honestly interested in the work, Gerald," she said.

He never flouted her ideas; it was enough for him that she wanted to do that. He was disappointed, but he wouldn't say so, and she could have cried, because she so loved him for that reticence.

On Tuesday morning she went back to the shop.

"Come to say good-by?" asked Miss Galby. "I saw in the papers."

"I want to stay," said Olive, "if it suits you."

Anna Galby was a very competent and intelligent woman. She asked no further questions as to why the "Bride of Millionaire's Son" wanted to stay on; she was remarkably patient about the annoyances of the first few days—the camera men who waited for Olive to go out to lunch; the reporters who wanted the "human angle" on this interesting situation; the clients who wanted to be waited on by the Penborough boy's wife. Olive's way of handling all that was admirable, and her manner toward the other girls, too; she showed a cool good humor that ignored envy and curiosity and flattery.

She was by no means so unruffled as she seemed. She was frightened. Since she was fourteen, she had done nothing without a definite, intelligent purpose. Sometimes she had failed, but she had always known what she was doing. She knew now, only her love for Gerald made her afraid. This was so terribly important.

Gerald was bored and a little surprised. He still had his clubs, his friends, the mechanism of his old life, and the delight of his gay little home with Olive. She was never tired when she came home for dinner; she was always lovely and vital and interesting. Yet somehow his life was empty. He brought friends home to dinner; they went out to dine in restaurants, went to plays. But the only friends he saw now were men, and he missed the social design to which his life had been patterned, the dinners with pretty women, the dances, the house parties.

"I've got cards for an opening, Gerald," she said to him. "Will you come with me?"

To please her, he went, having no idea what an "opening" was, but after they had left he reproached her, good-humoredly.

"Sorry, darling," he said, "but I can't stand sitting and looking at 'fashions.'"

"I want to get your point of view as a man," she said, and when he saw how serious she was, he tried to take an interest in

Continued on page 50

## OLD MAID

by Mynnel Wallace

She never dared buy jonquils for her soul,  
For always, there were others needing bread.  
And so on bread she spent her meagre whole,  
For souls can wait, but bodies must be fed.

She could have crossed the silver bridge of night,  
And whirled with dancing dryads in the dawn —  
But other people's fetters held her tight,  
The magic wood became a prim green lawn.

She always longed for jonquils for her soul.  
She knew her power, yet dare not try her wings.  
Her kind heart pulled her farther from her goal.  
Restive, she played her life on muted strings.

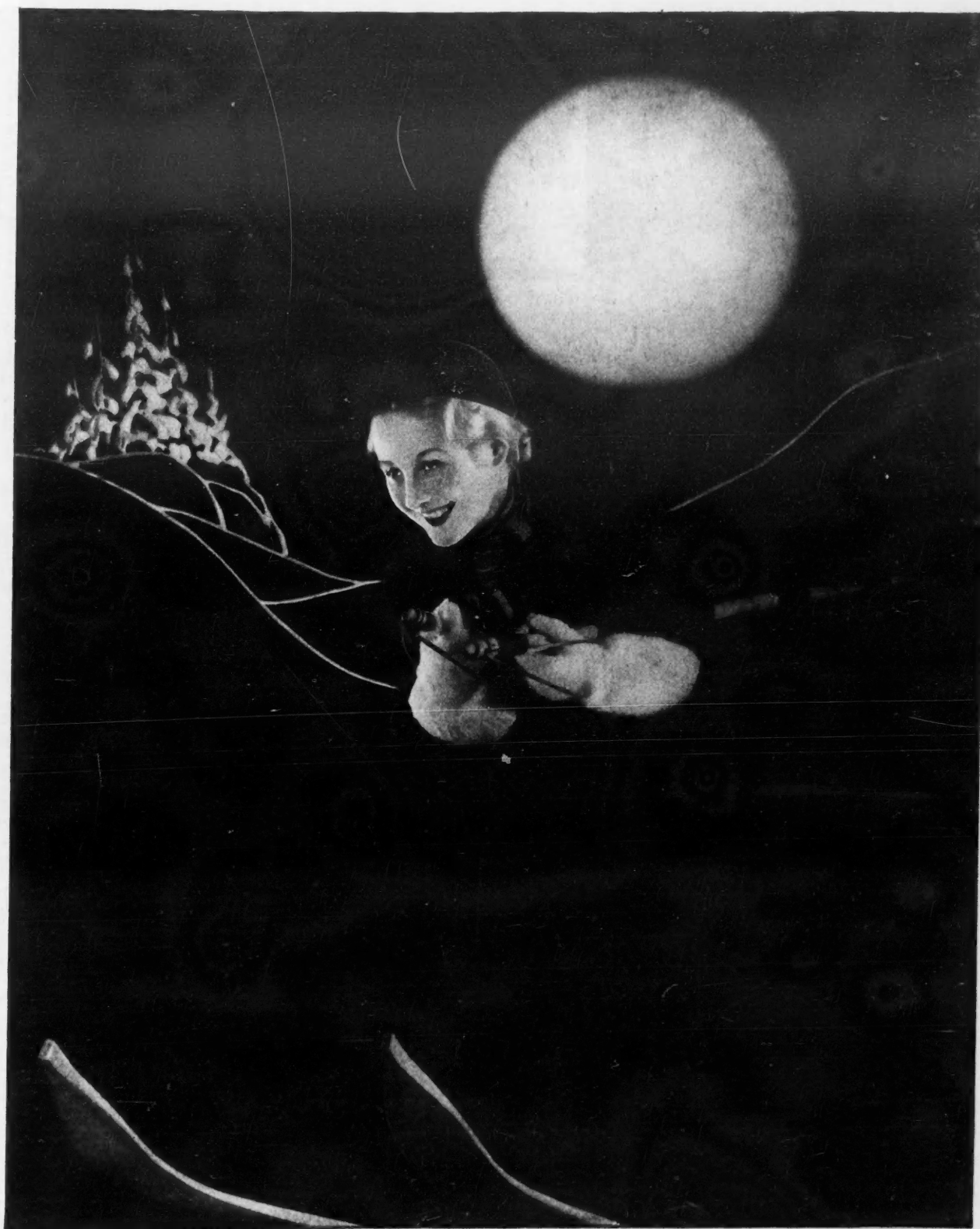
Most times, she dwelled within her lonely room,  
And soothed her restless dreams with sacrifice.  
But on sweet days when jonquils were in bloom  
She passed shop windows with averted eyes.

close to fifty; he was baldish and stout, and she was exquisite, slim and blonde. They had a big church wedding. Packy wanted that; he was so proud of Alina, and certainly she held her own among the daughters of the rich. She was quiet, good-tempered; she had dignity and beauty and grace. She didn't tell anyone that her father had been a carpenter, but she expected that fact to be unearthed, and she had no intention of denying it. She was unassailable not only, or even chiefly, because of her new

people, but she held firm against that. She thought over the thing alone, very gravely, with a heavy heart. At last she told Gerald she would marry him, and then he could tell those people of his.

THEY WERE MARRIED in what Gerald imagined was complete secrecy, and they went out to an inn in the country for the week-end. The next morning a fluty feminine voice spoke to them over the telephone; she was the society editor of a

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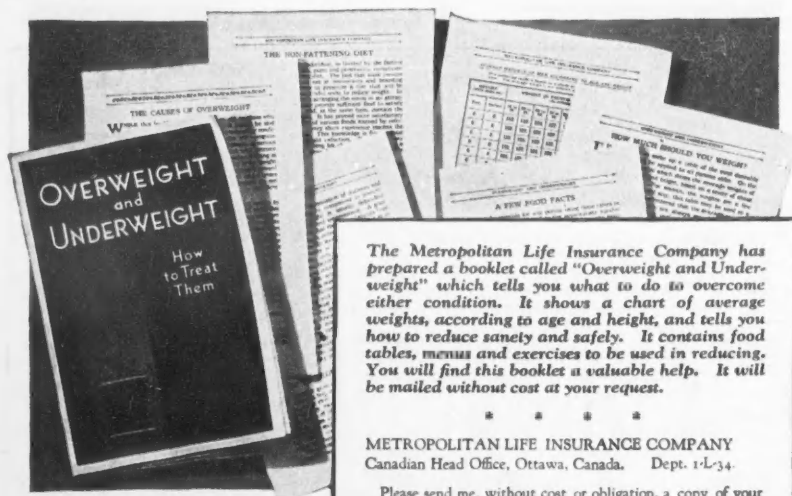


# BEAUTY CULTURE .. ..

They say that genius is "an infinite capacity for taking pains." That might do very well as the definition of a woman's beauty too — the charming poise and grace that comes from perfect grooming, glowing health, and a knowledge of her individually right lines, colors, and fabrics. Every woman has her own beauty formula. More than ever your Chatelaine will focus interest in

these phases of a woman's personality in "Beauty Culture." For the cultivation of beauty is, after all, "An infinite capacity for taking pains." Noted writers and artists, well-known fashion and beauty authorities from the style centres of the world, will bring to these pages their help in assisting every woman to attain that enthralling ideal—her most charming self.





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of internal secretion, but in nearly every case it is brought on by eating too much and exercising too little.

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Do not attempt abrupt or too extensive reduction of weight. Beware of "reducing" medicines. Some of them would wreck a normal person's constitution, to say nothing of a fat person's. Before taking any drug in an attempt to reduce your weight, consult your own physician.

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## Forging a New Tradition

(Continued from page 13)

as bakelite, vitrolite, cellulose, rayon and new developments in the use of familiar materials such as glass chromium and laminated wood veneers.

These give facilities to forgers of the new tradition, which to Chippendale and his contemporaries would have seemed like wizardry. Even while they are bent to some special purpose, such materials inspire the designer to some new effort. They are at the same time the foundation and a ladder by which to climb to new heights.

And what is the aim of this modern movement in decoration? What is the credo of the designers?

1. They believe first of all in suitability to purpose—functionalism. A refrigerator must be plain and must refrigerate. An armchair must be comfortable.

2. They believe in simplicity, and that exquisite proportion which evolves as the natural outcome of functionalism a grace which we now call "streamline."

3. They believe in light, clear colors, the beneficence of light, whether as painted in a picture or introduced into a house by means of many windows or concealed lighting.

4. They believe also in fresh air and sunshine; hence the solars and outdoor living rooms—with new types of outdoor furniture; hence also the many windows with straight narrow draperies or Venetian blinds, which exclude sun but admit air.

5. They believe in spaciousness, so insist on uncluttered rooms with convenient arrangements of furniture.

6. They believe passionately in the cleanliness which is next to godliness. Hence the avoidance of dust traps in the design of furniture; the absence of moldings and picture rails; the use of broad, flat wall surfaces, of fabrics which can be easily vacuum-cleaned. Hence, too, the hygiene of the new kitchens—the refrigerators, sinks and hard dust-resisting surfaces, and the luxuries of the new damp-proof bathrooms.

7. They believe in labor-saving—another reason for the plain unfussy rooms, with little ornament, so easily cleaned; for electric household appliances; for many cupboards in which to put things tidily away.

Such principles are producing a decorative style as opposite as the poles to the Vic-

torian, which, beginning with porcelain sinks and rectangular chesterfields, is penetrating to every corner of our households. This, to quote the *New Yorker*,

"To the humblest home utensil  
Brings the benefit of streamline."

So gradually has it come by way of the kitchen that for years we have seen nothing strange in an electric grill or a refrigerator—both very much of the new order. It was only delayed in the drawing-room by the fact that the modern movement shared in the general war mania, and ran amok under the label "modernistic." For a time its horrors in design and orgies of color repelled people of good taste. But these fell away, when artists once more returned to their drawing-boards and pencils. In Europe the movement was set on the path of austere beauty, which it has since travelled, by the Paris Exposition Des Arts Decoratifs, in 1925, which astonished and delighted the whole world with its strangely majestic architecture, beautiful lighting and exquisite productions in arts and handicrafts.

On this continent it has been given tremendous impetus by the Chicago Exposition. That this has been an unqualified success and that modern design appeals to the masses, is shown, even more than by figures of attendance, by the numbers of orders received and by the flocks of smaller modern exhibitions which are taking place in many cities.

Nowadays, it is not only the well-to-do who yearn for the conveniences, comfort and charm of modern *décor*. There are radios and refrigerators for many scales of income. So there must be, and are, modern furnishings to suit.

How would Mr. and Mrs. Average Householder begin a modern room? By the choice of plain backgrounds—woodwork and walls in the same color are often delightful—by the use of fabrics with texture but little pattern, curtains hung straight, rugs plain or simply patterned, furniture in rectilinear design or with few curves, ample lighting well placed, absence of fussiness in design, and space in arrangement with conveniently placed low tables. Such surroundings give even to antiques an added charm.

There is no doubt about the transformation that such would work. No doubt about the greater spaciousness and restfulness of the home so arranged. The simple beauty of the new design grows upon one, and it comes with instant appeal to the younger generation, to those who are brought up with eyes attuned to the streamlines of motor cars and airplanes, and the majesty of recessionary skyscrapers. It appeals to the modern desire for clean lines, for structural beauty, for convenience and simplicity.

## An Open Letter to the Premier

(Continued from page 16)

proud that I am a Canadian, but, too, I love my family and I value my self-respect which has been so dragged through the mire at each month's end that I wonder there is a shred of it left.

Why, when we give our all, can we not be given a living wage—just a bare minimum on which we may exist, but which at least would give us a chance to be really self-sustaining? If economy must be enforced as an emergency measure, if there is a place where a slash in wages should stop, should it not be at the level of a bare existence? Is this asking too much?

Reams have been written on the unemployment problem, but is a man taken care

of when his family cannot possibly live on the amount he makes, while, at the same time, his full time is taken up by his employer?

The day has arrived when we cannot say that there is a great dividing line through the centre of this world's population; that on one side stand the fools, on the other the wise men; that the latter are all working and the former not. Oh, no! We all, in our own limited acquaintance, know too many fools who are in possession of good positions and too many wise men who can find no work, search as they may. We are all, perhaps, more or less the victims of our own improvidence. The man who is working today, despite example, would be in a like position tomorrow were his employer to say, "You're out!" This is true because we are all human and, being so, have our weaknesses.

Ours is a problem to which there is but one answer. It has become with us a prayer.

"Dear Lord, give us a chance. We don't ask for sweets or frills. We ask to work that we may live. Let us scrimp and pinch but let the fruits of our labors keep us independent. Dear Lord, give us a chance—just a chance to make ends meet."

spend a great deal of time upon their grooming and upon choosing their clothes. They chat with their saleswoman or *vendeuse* for hours sometimes. They find out the reasons for new lines and try to accustom their eyes to changes. They carefully consider how a higher or lower neckline will affect hats, how a longer or shorter skirt will affect the type of shoes to be worn, how a higher or lower waistline will affect the skirt length and the foundation garment, whether the gown calls for accent in the accessories or whether the accessories should fade into a background for the gown itself. By the way, accessories very often play an important part in the general effect and the French-

almost everything fitted her, very few things were becoming. Once you think about it, you will realize at once what an important thing it is to dress suitably to the expression of your face. Many a slim figure is topped by a severe, prim face, while many an angular form is given glamor by the smiling lips, the humorous eyes or the optimistic expression of the nose. These two figures, perhaps identical in size, will require quite different types of gown.

Decide for yourself what feature of your form or face is worth playing up, and make that single feature the keynote of your whole harmony. Accentuate the point subtly by choosing every detail of your



What makes a French woman's clothes interesting?

woman will often pay as much for her hat as for her gown if she cannot afford a great deal. Her hat, gloves and shoes will be good enough to carry off the simplest of plain little black dresses.

American women have one big disadvantage. They are too beautiful. The typical American beauty can be seen everywhere. There is not enough variety. Perhaps, after all, this is fortunate in a country where clothes are manufactured by the thousand and women still manage to look pretty in them. Much more is required than mere prettiness, however, if one would be reckoned smart.

If you are not of the doll-like type, you may not be the toast of collegiate youth but you can have much more hope for success as time goes on. If you care enough, you may turn oddly-shaped eyebrows into an asset. If you decide that they are important enough in their oddness, you may be able to build up quite an exotic appearance by dressing your hair to suit the eyebrows and then dressing yourself to suit the face.

A French creator of dresses once made a remark to me, which revealed how closely these artists study their customers. He said, referring to a woman we both knew: "When I first saw her I thought almost any model dress would suit her, as she is tall and exactly model size. After seeing her a few times I realized this would be impossible and that to really dress her correctly, one would have to dress her facial expression." That was the answer to why, although

costume to focus attention upon the eyebrow—if it is an eyebrow you have chosen as your best or most interesting feature. Then be extremely careful about the line of your hat and the neckline of your dress. Wear nothing that will take attention away from your face, and see that your rouge is applied discreetly enough that no one will be conscious of its presence. Your aim should be in such case to have everyone who sees you immediately remark, either aloud or mentally, upon the beauty of your eyebrows.

This technique of playing up good points will be worth while in improving your general appearance and will, undoubtedly, make the whole subject of dress more interesting and amusing. Most women in this country know how to suit a dress to themselves. You will often hear the expression: "That dress looks like me!" Of course, if one always insists that all dresses must look like one's self or be altered to that end, a certain monotony results. The Frenchwoman studies dress so carefully that she can often make herself look "like the dress." When a new style is shown, she immediately repairs to the hairdresser, the beauty specialist and perhaps the masseuse, in order to make herself "look like the new style."

You can make life less boring for yourself by changing the focal point of your efforts from time to time, and playing up a succession of your good features so that the lady in your looking-glass will be a person of such varied charms that you yourself will enjoy gazing at her.

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# CALAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN





There are two big mistakes made by women. Very young girls often try to look like sophisticated women of the world; and older women often try the debutante rôle. Both are ridiculous.

There is only one age for the fashionable woman. This article will tell you all about it.

## PERSONALITY IN DRESS . .

BY MARY McNULTY FIX

**B**Y ALL MEANS dress to suit your personality but, first of all, be sure what your personality is. Do not let your admiration for Lynne Fontanne, Mae West or Jean Harlow cause you to imitate any one of them irrespective of your resemblance in form or coloring.

There are two very big and common mistakes made by women, young and old. Very young women frequently attempt to look like sophisticated women of the world and older women often try the *ingénue* rôle. Both are ridiculous but the little debutante has the advantage. She will probably outgrow her foolishness.

Youth is so fleeting that those who possess it should make capital of it. Youth's refreshing charm can never be recaptured. And be assured that at seventeen one will go farther toward success by looking romantic than by looking dangerous.

It is a sad sight to see a really lovely young girl wave away an exquisite shepherdess gown of Vionnet or a bouffant creation of Jeanne Lanvin in order to pounce delightedly upon a slinky black, absolutely backless affair depending solely for its anchorage upon a terrifyingly fragile diamante strap. Any saleswoman will tell you that this situation calls for almost unbelievable tact. Grandmamma usually sits by with horror frozen on her countenance as mother and daughter engage in battle royal about the matter. In America, daughter nearly always wins. In Europe, mother has the honors. Mother, as a last resort, threatens to tell papa and a French papa will not tolerate a daughter who looks to be something that she is not. He believes in labelling merchandise correctly. He expects a young lady of society to be a young lady of society and he will tolerate nothing else in his family circle, for a mixing of labels might cause most embarrassing errors.

All salespeople are familiar with that somewhat pathetic figure, the older woman apparelled as "sweet sixteen," or what is more vulgarly known as "mutton guised as lamb." I say this is pathetic because the poor dear fondly imagines that her mirror reflects the beautiful little heart-breaker of former days. The trouble is all with the mind which clings to past successes and which, having been daunted by a few disappointments, simply refuses to face the present or go on into the future. The "case" looks at you with a simper, fondly smooths the ruffles, frills and youthful adornments of her costume, while an appealing eye begs you to

confirm her fixed idea. "You don't think that this is too young for me?" Of course you don't. You would shatter a whole make-believe world if you said so.

Do not imagine that I would advocate dressing exactly to one's actual age. There is really only one age for the fashionable woman. I can never remember a very young woman who is pointed out in Europe as a "fashionable." Certainly the debutantes never rank as such. Not that they are not charmingly gowned: they have youth, sometimes beauty, but they have not the poise necessary to achieve smartness. Among the internationals who are seen everywhere you are conscious that there is only one age. All the way from twenty-five to sixty-five—from Lady Louis Mountbatten, Madame Dubonnet, to Lady Mendl—you never think of age. If anyone asked you to estimate the ages of these international fashionables you would say, "Why, dear me, I never thought of that just a charming age, perhaps thirty, perhaps a little less or a little more." Every Frenchman will tell you that women are never interesting until they are about thirty.

What makes these ageless creatures interesting? It is not necessarily beauty. In Paris you are often struck by the number of charming faces which are actually ugly when measured according to ideals of perfection in feature. The Frenchwoman is, indeed, to be regarded as a triumph of art over Nature.

The factors that make her interesting are her clothes and the way she wears them. She realizes that youth lasts a very short time and that she must vanquish the relentless years by causing people to forget time in relation to her. She differs from the type I have previously described. The first type tries to force the minds of all beholders to see her always at sixteen. The Frenchwoman keeps you so intrigued by her appearance and personality that you forget time. There is a story of a famous French woman, no longer young, who held her unexpected guests of both sexes so spellbound by the poise of her bearing and the wit of her conversation that no one noticed that her hair was still in curlers. I feel quite sure, however, that the curlers were worn at a becoming angle. I have seen little French workroom girls who could wind a wool scarf around their heads so cleverly that you would imagine you were looking at a famous creation. It is all in the way the garment is worn, the art of suiting the line to the face or figure and the poise of the wearer.

ONE MAY cultivate smartness by careful study. New fashions should be approached with an open mind. It is a well known fact Frenchwomen



Too often young girls wave away a bouffant creation for a slinky black dress.

# FASHION SHORTS

by Kay Murphy



WE'RE ALL in a dither over the gorgeous negligée house-gown affairs that are laying mere men low, when we sloop into the drawing-room those Sunday eves. "Femme Fatale" — the name of one sinful affair of black velvet; high throated, ascot tied in chinchilla and trained in soft, subtle folds. I think they are so much more lovely than house pyjamas — and, oh, so romantic.

But pyjamas have their friends — and I almost became two-faced when I glimpsed one of those marvellous cadet affairs that could graduate from Kingston any day. 'Twas of French blue flannel trimmed with red — fitted waistline, with pleats running down the leg. Epauettes and a huge buckled snug-fitting belt. And did the whole outfit take the royal salute of fashion!

Flowers are going to our heads, and are a fragrant halo indeed for a formal wearing. A tiny bandeau of deep red velvet roses atop of a dark head made us all twist and turn at a recent show opening. The tall escort drooped overlong, so I'm quite sure those same roses were all whiffed up with a gorgeous perfume.

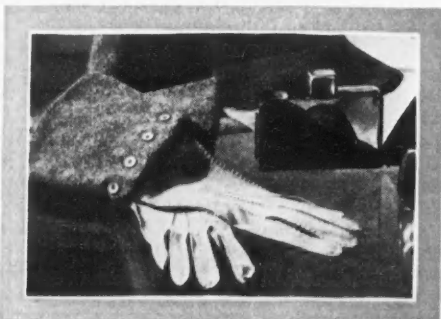
And talking about perfumes. Lengyel, of Paris, has brought out a simply thrilling one, called Essence Imperial Russe. It is so sophisticated, so alluring, so seductive that I'm sure the beauties of the old régime could have made a great conquest of the communists if they'd had it in time.

And if those new Mexican styles aren't just hot tamales, every one of them! The off-the-face sombrero is awfully villainous looking, and add a gaily patterned bandana around your fair neck, m'dear, and lariat every man that glimpses you. Two new shades have just been inspired by the Lady Next Door, they're called "Mexican Magenta" and "Cactus Green."

Those solid sequin gloves are handing us all kinds of style thrills; and when I debated about buying a pair—and raised plucked eyebrows at the price—I was informed that it took one needlewoman twelve hours to sew the sequins on two small gloves.

Brassières to go under evening gowns have always been such a trial, and now Lanvin comes along and puts the tiresome affair outside — yes, ma'am! It's called the new Brassière Dress. And is it stunning! Especially when it's of red velvet — on a black skirt — and is matched up with gloves and shoes of the same revolutionary hue.

The Rumble Seat Cape is a stunning velvet affair with a huge hood that will set you just clamoring for the rumble seat of honor, when homeward bound from party or theatre. Lined with lovely satin, it has an interlining you'd never dream existed — it's that smooth. But it does warm up those thinly clad lassies!



Thar's gold on them hankies—real gold. It's a new way of initialing your hankies—a plain gold letter in the corner. I love those bouillonne skirts. It's the kind that has one of those sausagelike rolls of fabric at the knees. Saw a silver lamé one — throat high in front, absolutely nil to the waist in the back; a bouillonne at the knees and another one at the waist, from which was sashed a trailly little train. Temptation!

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time in half. New  
for avoiding colds

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as to how many colds  
makes a difference  
These scientists  
and observed them  
Here are some of the  
covered.

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of a cold is cut to  
from a cold were saved

Many of the group  
Antiseptic had no  
The number of  
th

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## What is Your Problem?

If your own pet "good looks worry" isn't dealt with here, write to Annabelle Lee. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a reply.

I HAVE QUITE a fair skin, on which a large number of coarse pores are terrible. My skin is nice and soft and of a delicate texture. I cannot use soap as it irritates it. I cleanse it with a good cold cream. I really hate to go to a party or to any social function as so many have remarked about such coarse pores. I have tried everything I can think of or that has been recommended to me, but without any results.

I THINK that the reason for your enlarged pores is that your skin never receives the stimulation of either cold water or skin tonic. You did not mention in your letter if you used a skin tonic or not, so I am taking it for granted that you do not. It is particularly important, when you cannot use soap and water, that you follow your cleansing with a thorough toning with skin tonic. It completes the cleansing process and also stimulates the circulation so that the pores open and close naturally. I would suggest, too, that you try cleansing once a day with a different soap—a pure, bland soap—and lukewarm water.

You will find that a much better way of applying your cold cream is to use absorbent cotton, moistened first with cold water and then with skin tonic. Dip this pad in your cleansing cream and apply the cream in this manner. It is a much more refreshing way than simply applying the cream with your fingers. Then when you have wiped off the cream with your facial tissues, you should dip another pad of absorbent cotton in skin tonic and pat the face thoroughly, concentrating particularly on those parts where the enlarged pores are present. You can get special preparations for an enlarged pore condition recommended to be smoothed over the affected area every night before retiring.

### Eyebrows and Figures

I HAVE very heavy black eyebrows and would like to thin them out. What shape should I make them? I have a very round face. I am 5 ft. 4 inches tall and weigh 137 pounds in my dress. How much overweight am I? Could you send me a diet chart to reduce?

IF I WERE you I wouldn't attempt to change the shape of your eyebrows. When you pluck them, simply pluck the straggling untidy hairs. If your face is round, that is all the more reason why you need your naturally heavy brows. They give character to the face. I have seen many cases, particularly cases where the face is somewhat large and round where the eyebrows have been plucked to a thin narrow line and the effect has been almost grotesque. Remember when you are plucking the eyebrows out, always pluck them the same way in which the hair grows.

Your weight depends entirely on your age. From 25 to 29, according to your height, you should weigh 128 lbs., from 30 to 34—131 lbs., from 35 to 39—134 lbs., from 40 to 44—138 lbs. For every two years before 25 take off one pound. These weights are, of course, standard weights in indoor clothing and shoes. I am sending you a copy of an article by Dr. J. W. S. McCullough. You will find the information on diet he gives in it to be very helpful. I am also sending you some general reducing exercises.

### A New Coiffure

COULD YOU suggest a good coiffure? At present I wear my hair cut quite short,

parted high and combed back behind my ears, slightly waved, leaving my forehead bare. I am not the pretty, fluffy type. My keynote is smartness and tailored clothes.

WHY NOT grow your hair a little longer so that you can have it curled at the back? Keep it off the face in the front, but the present trend is to offset the severity of an off-the-face coiffure with little feminine curls. There is a delightful style which wears the hair parted much in the place that you part yours, quite high up, and then the hair is brushed back and sideways in one soft wave just over the temple. The hair is brushed and the ends cut so that they form layers, each layer being curled up into curls. The bottom layer of hair curls charmingly in the nape of the neck, and one of the layers is curled around so that it comes over the ear. From the front, however, the hair is taken back off the face so that there is absolutely no danger of any "fluffiness."

### A Redhead's Troubles

I HAVE medium dark-red hair and am plastered with freckles that usually go with it. My face, arms and back of neck are covered with them. I have tried using a double-strength bleach on my face only, as I find it too expensive to use on all three places. Those on my face are a little paler, but not much. I am quite satisfied with my features if I could just get rid of the horrible freckles. Isn't there a sure way of removing them completely—a way that doesn't take too long? I love the color of my hair, but my eyelashes and eyebrows are very fair in comparison to it. I have rather long eyelashes. Could you tell me how to darken them so as to look natural and not have any light parts showing?

What is the proper method for applying eye shadow?

I AM afraid it isn't possible to bleach freckles completely away. You can fade them so that they don't show but the process must necessarily be a long one. Anything which removes freckles immediately would be far too harsh for the normal skin to stand. Yes, the product you are using is very good. If you are finding it satisfactory, by all means carry on with it. There are several commercial bleaches which are all good. Or you can use the straight lemon juice on your skin if you like. For your arms and neck you might like to use a home-made preparation of buttermilk mixed to a paste with cornmeal. This you could spread on the arms and neck and allow these to be left on for a while and then washed off with warm water. This should be done every day.

Choose a dark-toned powder, a rachelite tint, for your skin. It will blend in with your freckles so that they do not stand out so awfully much. Accent your eyebrows and eyelashes with a brown cosmetic. Apply mascara to the upper eyelashes only, and brush them up from the roots to the tip. When you apply your eyebrow pencil, apply it in a line contrary to that taken by the eyebrows and then afterward smooth the eyebrows down with your fingers, blending in the color. Apply eye shadow with the tip of the finger, leaving just a touch in the centre of the upper lid, blending it smoothly over the lid. Green would be a good color for you unless your eyes are blue, when I would suggest blue.

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TOMORROW ALRIGHT

**"TUMS"** Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

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though costing a little more than cheap, poorly-made ones, are so inexpensive that you can easily afford to buy now and avoid the social error of providing unstable, irritating tables for your friends.

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# So--Your Daughter is a Wallflower!

(Continued from page 9)

Young People's Leagues, and such societies where the cream of our young people are to be found? Or why not give more little card and dance parties at home? Nice young men are usually only too pleased to come, if it is not made too obvious that mother is trying to "match-make." And if match-making is your object--statistics have proved that more good marriages have been made in church organizations than in dance halls. Marriageable young men do not go to dance halls to seek a wife.--S. K. M., Saint John, N.B.

ANY MOTHER who feels peeved that her daughters are not getting "dates" at the expense of their self-respect, is foolish. She should help to keep our Canadian womanhood on the high level it has so far stood, in spite of the general "fastness" since the war.--M. T., Quebec.

I WAS A wallflower myself as a girl in some classes of society and can deeply sympathize, but this fact has not prevented me from marrying and bringing up sons. They are all now young men, and I know from the kind of girls they admire that virtuous womanhood has not gone out of date, and that while there are mothers who strive to bring up good sons, it never will. So take heart. Being a wallflower is not a new problem.--O. U. T., Halifax, N.S.

THE AVERAGE young man has a nickel in his pocket now, where he had a dollar. He cannot afford to take a girl to dances. So naturally, there is not the same companionship. But the young man of today is just as romantic as other generations; so the "not nice" girl seldom sits. This may sound strange but it is true. This type of girl "kicks him along." There is no real feeling on either side. It's a "here today and gone tomorrow" affair.

Now when a young man takes out a nice girl, he generally imagines himself in love with her. If he is working for small wages or not at all, can he get serious about a girl? Many will say: "Do it for companionship." But it just can't be done. What if father or one of the other young men had taken you out for a buggy ride, not caring whether it was you or someone else? Well--she's your daughter and they don't change that quick!--W. C., Minnedosa, Man.

THE YOUNG man of today uses his head for more than a hat rack. I believe he deserves great credit for not allowing himself to "fall" for a girl and trying to keep a wife when he can hardly keep himself. Don't think he doesn't want one. He is just as anxious for a home, wife and family as his father was.--B. H. S., Calgary, Alta.

SITTING OUT is no picnic, but I don't believe many girls value a few dances more than their self-respect, and that's what it amounts to. These times can't last for ever, and when that elusive corner where prosperity is lurking is found, the nice girl will get her innings, and the result will be true love and marriage.--Y. M., Toronto.

YOU ASK: "What is wrong with my daughters?" Don't you think that in helping your daughters to build their ideals and in keeping them "good," you may also have built around them an icy reserve through which their young men acquaintances have been unable to break.

It may be a breakdown of morals in your code, but I believe I am safe in saying that

there is not one case in five hundred in which a girl does not consent to be kissed until a proposal. I should want to know any girl I might ask to marry much better than that! There is a high percentage that have been kissed many times before they accept a proposal and in my opinion they are the better for it, as they are more sure of themselves and of their man.--L. E. M., Orillia, Ontario.

YOU ARE right in thinking that one of these days your daughters may fling off the "technique of their parents and goodness knows where they may lead." I have seen several cases of daughters, guarded too closely by their parents, fling off the traces and become far more sophisticated than their sisters who have always "gone around quite a bit."--D. E. M., Victoria, B.C.

DON'T WORRY about the little gate crasher, mother of Elizabeth and Lorraine. Let her enjoy the glamor. Yes, even let her marry one of these fine male butterflies. She is his equal and her marriage, no matter how many fine jewels she may possess, is not an enviable one, for flirts in youth are generally philanderers in middle age!--M. B., Mission City, Man.

I CANNOT find any justification for the thought that girls are compelled to adopt the really pitiful rôle of wallflower, simply because they will not submit to the advances of certain types of young men or dance in a sensual manner. Aloofness, inability to keep up a conversation, and perhaps a lack of sex appeal, or "it," are, to my mind, the stock-in-trade of the wallflower. If we could ask each of ten thousand young men why he avoided certain young ladies at a dance, perhaps the consensus of opinion would sum up to something like this. "Oh, I don't know. She's kind of dumb, I guess." A girl looking for a pleasant evening can, I think, be compared to a salesman. She simply must sell her stuff to the world at large. They won't come looking for it.--S. E. C., Winnipeg, Manitoba.

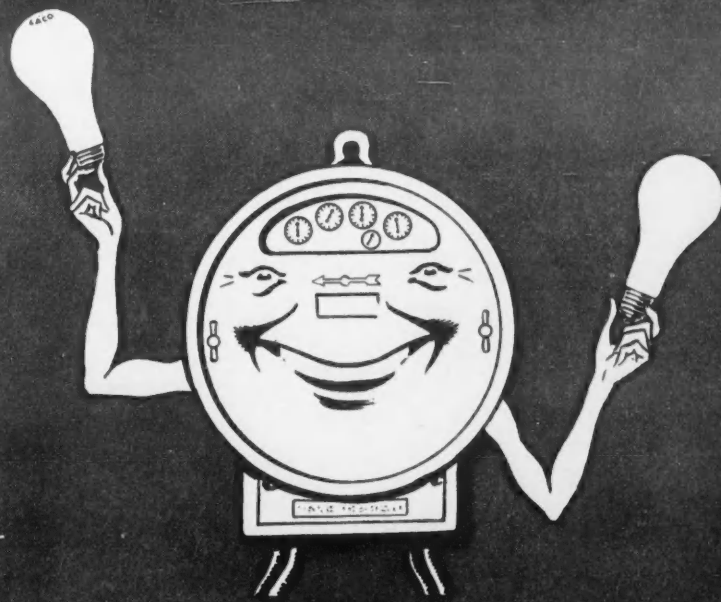
YOUR ATTITUDE to your daughters has probably had something to do with the situation. You taught your daughters to be well behaved; to have ideals. But your view that men are the hunters and women the hunted is a bit mid-Victorian. While it is to a certain extent correct, it should be revised and modified to the standards of today. The hunter expects some co-operation. If he pursues he expects some attention, not to be turned away coldly and aloofly.--V. A. W., Haileybury, Ont.

THE GIRLS mentioned in the article are, in my opinion, victims of a wrong system of upbringing which, fortunately, is very gradually being broken down. Girls would be far happier if freed from the fetters of an ancient custom which decrees that "Men are the hunters and women to be wooed and won." Why should we continue such a custom without questioning its wisdom? Are we so void of intelligence that we must accept everything that's handed down to us? If we were to accept all teachings handed down, we would still, as far as science is concerned, be in the Dark Ages, and would be rushing around in a frantic search for a Philosopher's Stone.

Surely, a woman's most noble calling is that of Motherhood! Why then shouldn't she be free to choose her life partner, if she wishes, instead of having to assume the contemptible, hypocritical attitude of pretending to be indifferent to the object of her secret choice until he condescends to notice her!

If girls and woman would have the courage to break down an old custom and be honest enough to go after what they want in a straightforward manner, it would be the beginning of an age of freedom for women to which, in the opinion of any sane-thinking person, they are justly entitled.--D. D. W., North Bay, Ont.

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WATER  
BOTTLES  
MADE IN CANADA

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## The Virgin of Bubastis

(Continued from page 18)

the glory of that smile I lost all earthly fear. "Fool! Fool that I was! I clasped her passionately. Her breath was warm on my cheek; her body trembled with emotion. Again and again I gave and received kisses.

"Crashing of alarm cymbals recalled us suddenly to the realization of what we had done! I, whose skill was devoted to the temple; she whose person was ordained to the god had stooped to human love.

"Oh, I knew it was all a plot, a vicious plot of the scheming Takhes, but the thing was done and never could be recalled. Even as Takhes, black with rage, stalked into the shrine, I knew what fate awaited her. She had returned my love. She, whose every thought was ordained for her sacred task, had accepted the love of a man.

"For myself I cared not at all; but a wave of agony tortured my mind, as, the little shrine filling with the guards and members of the Court of Assessors, I knew that they would pass upon her, who was so pure, the judgment of sin.

"Snarling viciously on his pedestal, the sacred cat displayed his red-dyed claws, evidencing the fury of the spirit of the god within him. Shocked by the suddenness of their appearance, Nititus was silent. She but raised a hand to still the hissing fury of the cat.

"Takhes, formally laid the charge. He accused the virgin of Bubastis of carnal sin.

"Of course it was a lie, vicious and false as his own evil nature but, once laid, such an accusation must be judged by the test of the scales. There was about the preparations a grim determination that proved to me that I had been but a tool. The members of the court formed their mystic crescent. Takhes, their chief judge, was in the centre. An attendant, bearing a pair of scales, appeared, accompanied by two priests. One, wearing the jackal-headed mask of Anubis, keeper of the balance of justice, placed an object representing the feather of truth in one tray, and in the other a model of a human heart on which was engraved the name 'Nititus.' The second priest wore the mask of an ibis typifying Thoth. In his hand he held a tablet of wax and a stylus. He would note the result of the test; he would write down the record of her sin.

"My eyes searched for a weapon. Death, I knew, was but a few moments distant. I would prefer to meet it fighting for her. The thing was utter sacrilege; it was a crime; a villainy, but it was menacingly true and real. Nititus placed a hand on my arm; she had divined my intent but she knew its hopelessness.

"The beam of the scale moved: the tray with the image of her heart tipped down till it rattled awesomely on the stone floor. A sigh of fear and grief escaped from the crescent of watchers. Nititus' hand closed tightly on my arm and then relaxed in resignation. Basht stirred uneasily on his pedestal, a low whine escaping between his bared teeth. Thoth wrote the lie on his tablet, scratching in the soft wax the false record of her sin. Then the guards separated us. Binding my arms they led me from the shrine into the wide expanse of the temple court. Walking alone, harmless and untended, Nititus followed.

"Night had fallen and the moon hung poised a man's height above the wall. Two and two, in solemn procession the priests and court followed us, the light gleaming on their linen vestments. The great twin rows of columns surrounding the quadrangle stood dark and mysterious, almost swallowed up in shadows. Shaken in the hands of young acolytes, sistrams rattled their warning to the evil demons to keep far distant from the spot.

"A pile of wood was heaped in the centre of the quadrangle. About this the procession moved, forming a circle. As the flames crept up a priest led Nititus in.

"The judgment of the court I now pronounce upon thee, daughter of Serek," Takhes cried, as, unwinding a long cord from his waist, he approached the silent girl. "The cord of the strangler shall bind thy throat till breath be choked. Untended by the embalmers, the fire shall consume thy body."

"The sudden horror of her fate seized Nititus. She searched the circle for escape. Surging in fury at the realization of the full villainy of the plot, I wrenched myself clear from my guards and, though my arms were firmly bound, staggered vainly to her aid.

"Unembalmed, her body consumed in fire, the spirit of Nititus could never return to the flesh. Takhes, in the depths of his hate, was damning her soul for all eternity.

"A blow felled me to the ground. Guards leapt upon me and held me powerless. Muttering savagely, Takhes sprang at Nititus. Brutally crushing her feeble struggles, he wound the fatal cord about her neck.

"My memory is not clear on the rest. Something snapped in my head. I only remember that, as I slipped into unconsciousness, I heard her call my name. 'Meren, the eyes! Give me sight, Meren! Give me sight!'

"When I regained consciousness my arms were unbound. I was alone in the empty court. The red glare of fire shone from the heap of smoldering ashes and the moon was hidden behind one of the pylons of the temple. Struggling to my feet I was filled with fury at the gods that I still lived. A dark shadow crept between me and the dying flames. The snarl of the cat challenged my approach. Though dizzy and weak, I was beyond fear. Waving my arms I drove the beast away. It slunk past me and hid itself in the deeper shade of the tall columns.

"The pavement was littered with gruesome fragments; blood lay on the white stones. Shaking with apprehension I found a human head. In the flickering light of the fire, the evil face of Takhes scowled at me.

"I laughed insanely. Twin points of venomous fire glared from the shadows; Basht, the Sacred Cat, was keeping watch. Beyond redemption by the most skilful embalmer, the god had torn the murderer of the priestess into a thousand fragments.

"As I gazed into the hot coals, I seemed to hear her voice again. 'The eyes! Meren, the eyes! Give me sight, Meren! Give me sight!' And then, like a faint echo, 'If you love me, Meren.'

"The truth suddenly burst upon me. In the perfection of her statue the spirit of Nititus could live. I must finish the carving of her eyes. I must give her soul a future habitation.

"I rushed back to the empty shrine. The statue of Nititus was gone!

"I need not recount the years of my weary search. Tools in hand I tramped the length of the valley of the Nile. In all the temples of Egypt I was known as the crazy sculptor who had been cursed with insanity by the gods because he tried to produce perfection. Vainly I rifled the tombs of the dead and searched even the secret chambers of the palace of the Pharaoh. My statue of the 'Virgin of Bubastis' had vanished from the habitation of men.

"Realizing that death might overtake me before I could find and finish my labor of love, I made the most careful preparations for my own embalming. This was not vanity on my part. I knew that my hand alone could give a soul to the statue of Nititus; and I knew that until I did so, I could never see her again, either in this

life or the next. When finally I 'passed West' unto Osiris, my friends, faithful to their charge, entombed my body with my tools in the very shrine of Bubastis, where the skill of my chisel, tempting my love, had laid upon Nititus the judgment of sin."

Again the speaker paused, though only for a moment. Then, leaping suddenly to his feet, he shouted in an ecstasy of delight. "My search is ended. This is the night of fate. The cycle has run its course. Hear me, O Nititus! Tonight my chisel shall give thee life. Guided by the hands of the gods, I shall complete thy image and carve a fitting habitation for thy soul."

It did not occur to me to wonder at his words or his actions. Somehow it all seemed natural. He did exactly what I expected of him. He snatched his ancient tools from the floor and applied his chisel to the rock. He was murmuring to himself, his tones musical with the hope of youth; fervent with the devotion of love that had survived the centuries.

I watched the mallet rise and fall in quick strokes. I noted the skilful movement of his wrist as the bronze tool cut the stone as though it had been clay. As he worked, the scars of the centuries seemed to melt from the figure. It shone new and polished as though fresh from the chisel. A mysterious pulsating light enveloped the workman and his subject. It glowed and flamed till the room was dazzling. The dust of ages fell away from all the objects in the tiny shrine and the colors shone forth fresh on the bas-reliefs. Perfume of many flowers reached me. Gleaming with white linen and sparkling with jewelled utensils, the marble altar caught the reflection. The sacred fires flamed high in the golden lamps.

His figure brilliant in the radiance, Thoth gazed approvingly at the pair. Tablet in hand and with stylus raised, he seemed to be watching this final test; waiting to record the judgment anew; waiting to justify the sin of Nititus, purged by a love that had surmounted death.

Like dawn, dimly touching the eastern sky, color grew in the rounded cheeks of the statue. The masses of her hair shone black against the pink skin of her neck. Under the swift strokes of his tool, the sightless eyes took form, the lips quivered and the breast heaved as though waking from a long sleep.

Gasping with joy, the sculptor dropped on his knees and raised his arms in adoration to the statue.

"Unto thee do I give praise, O Ra, ruler of the day. Unto thee be praise, Osiris, whose body the love of Isis restored. Unto thee be the glory of my chisel, the triumph of my perfect gift. Thou art alive! O sacred lady, Nititus, thou art alive! O Virgin of the Living God!"

And then it seemed to me that the figure crumbled. Like the broken fragments of a plaster mold, cast aside to release the perfect soul within, the statue shivered into countless pieces that tinkled musically to the floor. Glowing with every grace of the living woman, Nititus smiled on her kneeling lover and gently caressed his head.

"Thy love, Meren, hath redeemed me. Thou has given a perfect gift unto the gods."

And Thoth, the scribe of Truth, smiled. Drawing his stylus across the soft wax of his tablet, he blotted out for ever the false record of that ancient sin.

AS I SAY, no one guessed the truth of the occurrences that night in the Bubastis wing of the Cairo museum. At first I was tempted to explain; then I hesitated. A materialistic world which persists in reducing all emotion, human or divine, to the compass of a test tube, would not be likely to believe me.

*"I think CHATELAINE is the finest Canadian women's magazine there is, and I read it from end to end. It fills a place heretofore occupied by American magazines."—Mrs. G. C., Consort, Alta.*

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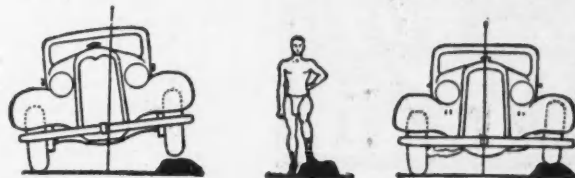
"**A**BOLISH jar and bump and bounce from tomorrow's motor ride," urged more than 60,000 Canadians in response to General Motors' "Customer Research" questionnaires. So, McLaughlin-Buick engineers found a way to put "knees" in your automobile!

Glance at the diagram to the right. It tells you just how Knee-Action Front Wheels enable the car to *step over* every bump and pot-hole in the road—giving you, for the first time, a really **FLOATING RIDE**.

Your very first mile of travel will tell you what a revolutionary advance has been made. It will show you, too, how new and pace-setting the 1934 McLaughlin-Buick is in other great ways.

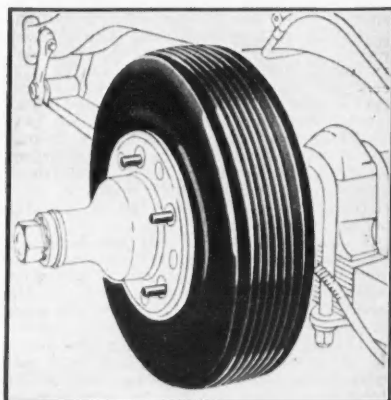
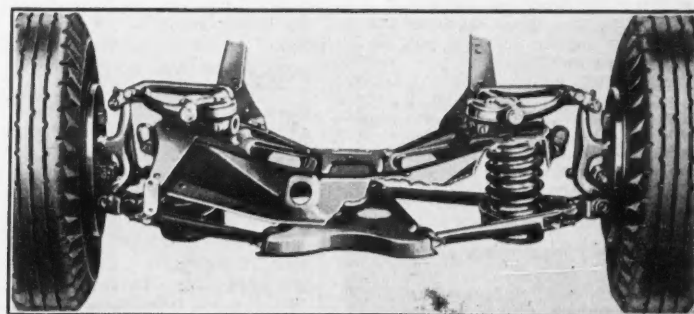
Vacuum-Power Brakes, for example . . . Air Cushion Tires . . . New, dash-controlled Octane Selector . . . Completely Automatic Starting . . . All-Silent Syncro-Mesh Shifting . . . Sturdier, Roomier, Smarter Bodies by Fisher . . . and Improved Fisher Ventilation.

Drive the new McLaughlin-Buick as soon as you can! With Knee-Action Front Wheels to give you a truly **FLOATING RIDE**, and Fisher Ventilation to banish drafts—you will agree: **AGAIN** there is a better automobile . . . and *again* McLaughlin-Buick is building it.



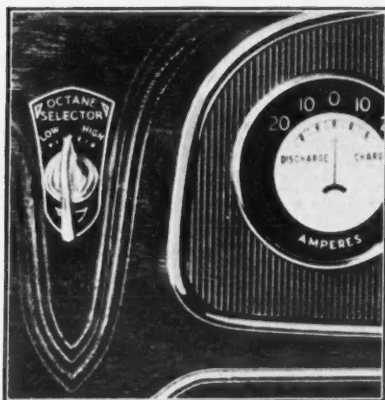
**How You Get the Floating Ride**

(1) Your present car is stiff-legged—front springs rigidly joined by an I-beam axle. So when you hit a bump the front of the car bounces, the rear pitches, and you are jarred. (2) See how easily a man steps over a bump. One knee bends freely, lifting the leg. The knee, not the body, takes the jar. (3) Now, 1934—each front wheel of the new McLaughlin-Buick flexibly mounted on its own soft spring, rises and falls like a knee to absorb the shocks, while the car glides steadily on.



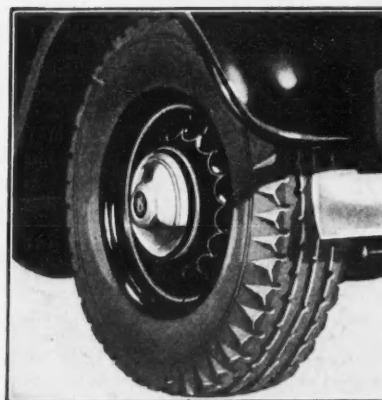
**New Vacuum-Power Brakes**

Vacuum-controlled to give a smooth, quick, silent stop with only one-third the former pedal pressure. Adjustment required only half as frequently as with conventional brakes. Cast iron brake drums with cooling flanges for long life.



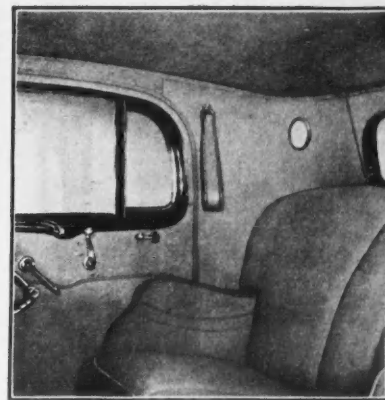
**New Octane Selector**

This device permits you to "tune" the engine to suit varying grades of gasoline. It is controlled by a knob on the instrument panel—a simple adjustment made as you fill up with gasoline insures maximum power and economy, *without knock*.



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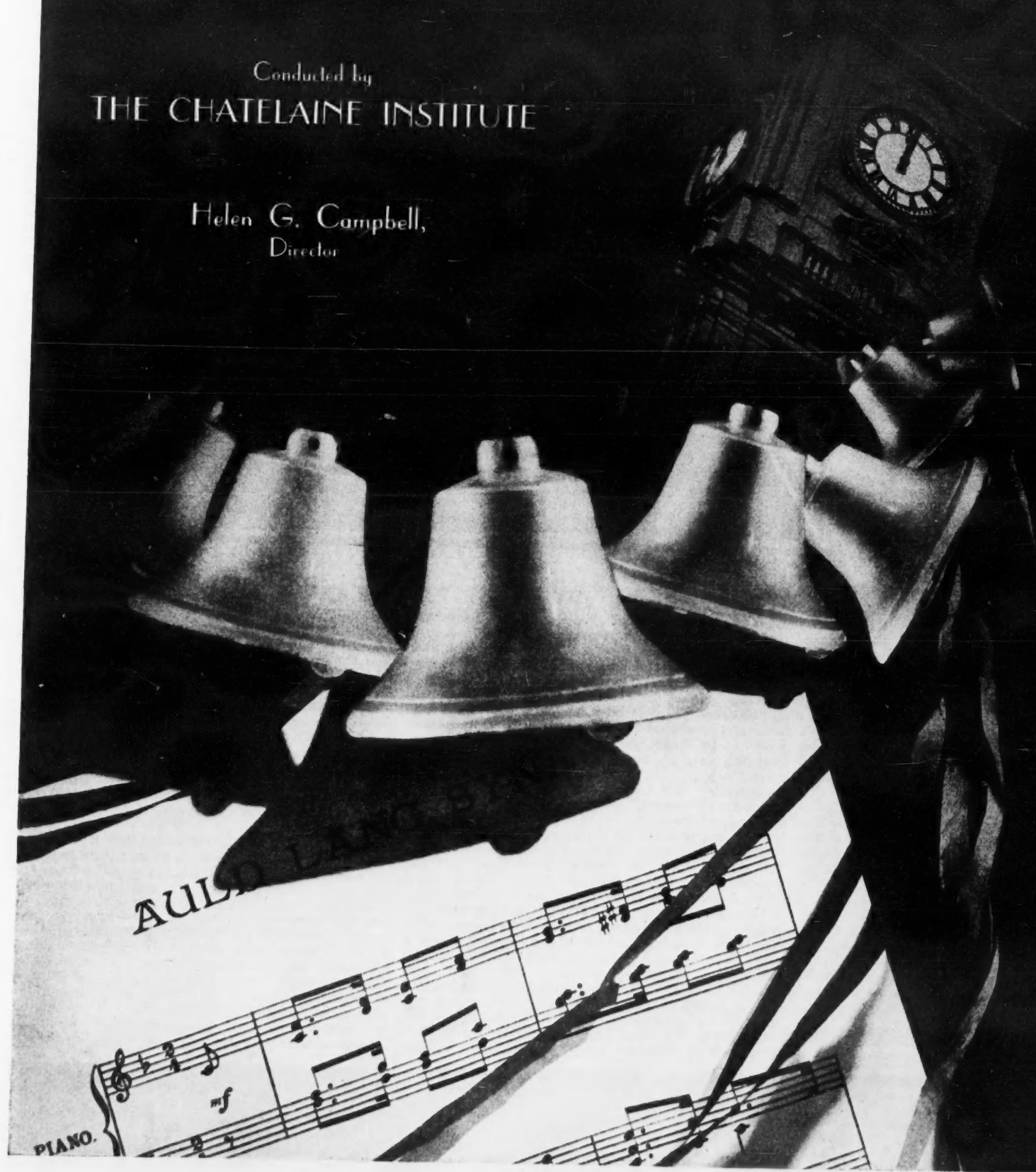


# HOUSEKEEPING

Chatelaine's Department of Home Management

Conducted by  
THE CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

Helen G. Campbell,  
Director







**She skidded  
once BUT..  
NEVER  
AGAIN**

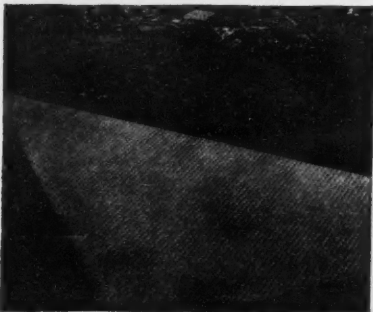
Have you ever experienced the breath-taking thrill of a sudden slide on a rug? Of course you have!

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DEAR SRS: Please send me leaflet, and free  
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## The Marriage Song

(Continued from page 11)

beautiful. Yes, she had been very clever.

Frederick's part of it was all right. Nobody was blaming him. He was going to hang silver rings and river gold and make her part of a tradition. And that was what she wanted.

SUDDENLY SHE got out of bed and she ran round the room clutching at clothes here and there. She slipped off her nightgown and began to dress. She was trembling but she was not crying. She was swearing softly and innocuously and biting again at the broken spot on her lip, without awareness. She put on the new sports suit and a new hat and a new travelling coat because she didn't have a single garment which was not new. All her old things had been given away. Then she went out of the bedroom. All the lights in the house were out, although it was not much after eleven o'clock. But the wedding reception was to be held in the house and tomorrow would be a frightful strain. Servants, Aunt Sybil said, needed care like any machines. Without rest they were liable to crack under strain. Aunt Sybil was perfect at that sort of thing.

The garage was not far off and there was no need to hurry, but her body moved in unconscious swiftness, matching her whirling thoughts. As she half ran she was forming, in staccato snatches, the things she wanted to say to Roger. Why, she would say, in reason's name is it more laudable to marry for love than for anything else? I'm giving up a great deal to marry Frederick because I think I'll get something worth having. If I had married you instead, I'd still be giving up a great deal because I thought you were worth having. In either case I'm only pleasing myself. The trouble with people is...

When she had driven for an hour she was no longer feverish. She drew her coat round her. A fine drizzle was falling and the hood of the roadster was down. But she drove on, feeling nothing in particular. A bit sleepy if anything. She hardly thought at all now. But when she turned into the village street she was again seized by excitement and began to tremble, and under her shaking hands the car wobbled from one side of the road to the other, but she drew up squarely in front of the red lamp burning over Roger's gate. It was a quarter past one, and, except for the red lamp, his silly little huddle of a house was in darkness. She got out and stood undecided, staring at the red lamp. Now, although she was excited she felt a bit foolish as well, and her scattered brain could not seize on any really good reason for rushing down here. And, of course, the moment she saw Roger she must be ready with that reason, or he might think... That would be ghastly. If he thought, as he well might, that she had come to him... because she couldn't go through with things. If Roger kissed her... in that first moment before she could speak—well, that wouldn't do anybody any good.

She fled up the path, desiring now the safety of a closed door. But as she stood in the porch, she heard the sound of a car engine coming from the back of the house. It shattered the night in a spurt of sound, then died abruptly. That would be Roger. That was the kind of thing he did. Drifting about the country all night visiting the sick. She went round to the back, making no sound on the wet grass. She stood in the garage doorway for almost a minute, watching Roger bent over the engine of the battered little car before he noticed her. He was swearing like mad. The engine was exploding and he was swearing. There was a kind of rhythm to it.

Louise loved him so dreadfully that she

almost fainted. She was quite literally unable to move, or she would certainly have run away. Her brain was giving orders: Get out of here! You're a fool ever to have come. Get out of here!

Then Roger looked up and saw her. "For Pete's sake!" Roger said. "How did you get here?"

"I drove down," said Louise; then added wildly, because Roger was coming toward her with a blind, strange look: "I thought I'd like to see a doctor and get a little advice. I—I've been rather nervous lately and I thought you might be able to—give me something. You see, I'll have rather a day tomorrow."

Roger stopped short and laughed. He lit a cigarette and inhaled the smoke deeply before he came nearer to her.

"Very flattering of you to pick on me. It'll do me no end of good, having anyone as famous as you for a patient."

"Please!"

"No. It's a fact. You know we read the papers down here. Some of us even cut your pictures out. Joe Cuddy—you wouldn't know Joe; he's a friend of mine—has put you in his frieze of film stars. You're over the bookcase." The shock had passed from his eyes. His second laugh was more natural.

"Sorry to greet you with nonsense, Louise. But you startled me, and I'm talking in my sleep, anyway. Is anything really the matter?" He passed his hand across his forehead. "Because if it isn't—if this is just your idea of a joke, I'm on my way to a patient. That is, I would be if I could get this darned thing to go."

"What's wrong?"

"If I knew, I could fix it," said Roger impatiently. He seemed to take her presence now as a matter of course. "And our one hireable car is out. I'll have to knock up the village until I get someone to lend me a car."

"There's mine," said Louise. Her hands were moist and her heart was thumping and she thought how absurd it was to rehearse any situation which had to do with a man and a woman, because one never got the right cues. This comedy or tragedy or whatever it was had bolted right away from the set lines.

"That's an idea. I've got to get out to this woman as soon as I possibly can. But—"

"But what?"

"I don't know how long I'll be. Listen, you'd better take me. It's on your way partly. You can drop me and then go on. The sooner you get back and get to bed, the better for you. I don't know what made you do this mad thing. Only one reason would justify it—and that apparently isn't your reason—" He waited.

Louise felt like screaming. So she giggled stupidly. "In the set one moves in, it's rather fashionable to do mad things. I felt like a drive, and thought I might as well call on you as anybody, and that you being a doctor would be more likely than most of my friends to be up and about."

Roger turned his back on her. "Possibly," he said. "I don't know much about your set. We are very sane down here. However for once in your life you can be useful as well as fashionable. Do you mind if we start at once?" He took up his coat. With it on, he appeared huge. But he moved jerkily. He was dead with sleep.

The car roared, then throbbed evenly.

"Where to?"

"Back along the road you came."

He hunched in the seat wearily.

"Louise, that's all rot about treatment, isn't it? You're all right?"

"I suppose so."

"Well do you mind if I go to sleep? I think that would be the best way to cope with this situation. There's nothing left for you and me to say to each other. I haven't slept for twenty-four hours and I'm all in. Go straight until you come to the fork about three miles out."

"Yes, I know it."

"Then take the left turn and it's about two miles farther. They've put a lantern at the lane there and it's only about half a mile to the house. I'll walk that, and you can get away."

Continued on page 48

## WHEN I WAS 70

WHEN I was 70, six years ago, I began to lecture, something I had never found it possible to do before. I could not think on my feet. I dared not face an audience. But knowing I had a health message that would be eagerly listened to I resolved to learn to speak in public. My first efforts were dismal failures, but I kept on.

I have succeeded so well that I now spend most of my time lecturing, and have just completed a lecture itinerary across Canada and down the Pacific States to California in halls generally filled to standing room capacity. I also spoke to Women's Clubs, Service Clubs, Boards of Trade.

Shortly I leave for lectures in Montreal, Boston, New England cities, New York, New Jersey cities, and I have 61 requests for lectures in the Atlantic States alone that I am unable to give.

On January 2nd I return to New York to deliver my third address at the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, an institution 111 years old and the most intelligent audience in New York. Other lectures follow, terminating at the New York Athletic Club on January 11th, the greatest institution of its kind in the world. On February 1st I repeat my 12,000 miles lecture tour around the U.S.

Only a young man can quickly master a new art like public speaking or can stand the gruelling travelling, catching trains at all hours, meeting delegations throughout the day, lecturing for three hours at night, often with addresses at schools or Service Clubs and Women's Clubs in the same day, with exacting question periods following. Only a young man could stand this grind and at the same time continue to write extensively and manage a rapidly growing business extending to six countries, and not be exhausted at the end of the seven months season. If the ability to do this is a sign of youth I have it, for at the end of the season I am more fit than ever. People marvel at my mental alertness, physical resilience and tireless energy. They say I am "a superman." Bosh! If that were so I would have been one during my first fifty years instead of a "down and outer." An object of pity for my first fifty years, I am an object of envy at 76 because I had the sense to change my living habits, realigning them in harmony with Nature's health laws. The chief reform has been in my foods.

Oh, if men and women could only know how splendid is health so perfect that it is safe to challenge disease, even colds, as I do, surely no one would risk losing that reward by continuing the foolish feeding habits of civilization.

To feed oneself correctly is so simple. The foods that keep me physically perfect are fruits, vegetables, nuts, cheese, milk, Roman Meal, Bekus-Puddy, Lishus and the alkaline beverage Kofy-Sub. I eat these largely uncooked for "well cooked foods" are dead foods and cannot build vital resistance to disease. At least one full meal in the day is made of Roman Meal, Bekus-Puddy or Lishus. Noon and evening I always have two cups of Kofy-Sub served with evaporated milk and brown sugar, not thin dairy milk, but thick evaporated (unsweetened) milk. It is a treat and can be drunk as freely as water and do good only.

If you will learn to eat simple meals consisting largely (say three-quarters) of vegetables, fruits, and Roman meal, Bekus-Puddy or Lishus, substituting alkali-forming Kofy-Sub for the toxic and acid-forming conventional beverages, (except for social occasions) making the other fourth anything you like that will add palatability to your meals, you will within three months notice such an improvement in your sense of physical and mental well-being as will astound you. And this will be true whether you are well or sick. But at least one meal in the day must be Roman Meal, Bekus-Puddy or Lishus. Send for list of alkali-forming foods and booklet "How to Keep Well," both free, to Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., 516 Vine Avenue, Toronto.

*Robt. G. Jackson M.D.*



The above is a photograph of Robt. G. Jackson, M.D., at 75. After eighteen years of increasing decrepitude and approaching death, Dr. Jackson at 50 was given only four months to live by the great Sir Wm. Osler. By natural living habits and the use of alkaline foods, Dr. Jackson is today, at 75, able to do anything the average healthy man in his early thirties can do.





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and be sure!

**MAGIC CARAMEL PECAN LOAF**

Cream  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup shortening. Slowly add  $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups sugar, beating in well. Add 3 unbeaten eggs, one at a time, beating well after each. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Sift together  $2\frac{1}{4}$  cups pastry flour (or 2 cups bread flour),  $2\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons Magic Baking Powder and  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt. Add this to first mixture alternately with  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup milk.

Bake in greased loaf pan in moderate oven at  $350^{\circ}$  F. 40 minutes only. Cool. Cover with Caramel Frosting. Garnish with pecan nut meats. Makes 1 large loaf.

**Caramel Frosting**

Boil 2 cups light brown sugar,  $\frac{3}{4}$  cup thin cream,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt to  $238^{\circ}$  F. If no thermometer on hand, let mixture come to boil, and boil steadily for 30 min.; drop a little into cold water, and if it forms a soft ball, remove from fire.

Let stand without stirring until cold. Beat, adding 1 tablespoon cream or more (a teaspoonful at a time), until light in color and a soft consistency to spread.

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# New Year's Resolutions

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL,  
Director, the Chatelaine Institute

**W**OMEN have a lot to do with making 1934 a good year. Let's leave it to the men to settle the international banking system, trade relations and all the details of Big Business. We'll just get on with our housekeeping.

The new year is a good time for taking stock of ourselves in the rôle of home manager. You may be making a "go" of it, but ten to one we could do an even better job. There is such a thing as divine discontent and perhaps by taking thought we can come one step nearer perfection.

So suppose we do a bit of serious thinking, acknowledge our shortcomings and lay our plans for bigger dividends in family welfare and happiness.

My advice is to sit down with pencil and notebook—I'm a great believer in getting things down on paper—work out our own "code," and then make up our minds to be loyal to it. It's the time for resolutions anyway and we might as well make them count for something.

What sort of a programme do we need for successful homemaking? Well, of course, that is an individual problem which you will have to decide for yourself. But just to help you organize, let us discuss a few New Year's resolutions which every chatelaine might profitably make—and stick to.

**I RESOLVE to budget my household expenses.** Now this is something no one can do for you but which every woman can do for herself. There will be no bugbear about this if you remember that a budget is simply a plan, not a vague general idea but a definite detailed plan of spending and saving. In other words a programme of regulating the outgo to the income and using your money to the best advantage. And, as everyone knows, the best way to get ahead is to plan ahead.

But how to go about it? The best way is to set down your total annual income—wages, salaries, professional fees, or

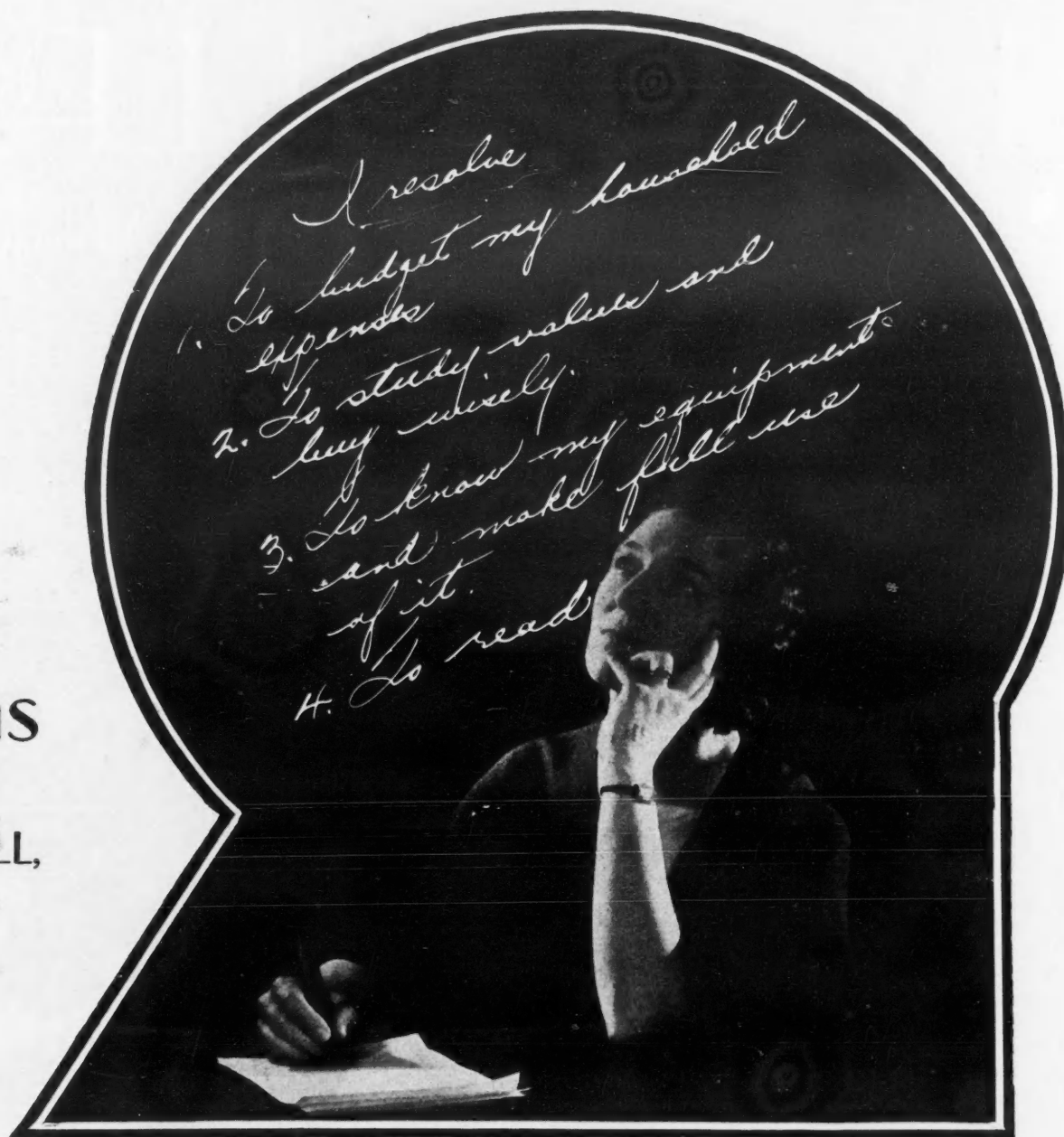
whatever source—then divide your expenses under different headings and allow a certain percentage for each. A suggested division is savings (bank deposits, investments and insurance), food, shelter (rent or interest and taxes, insurance, repairs), clothing (including cleaning and repairs), operating expenses (light, heat, water, telephone, cleaning and household supplies and minor replacements) and advancement, under which you might make provision for donations to church and charity, recreation, education (including travel and reading matter), health, vacation and general expenses such as postage, stationery and little contingencies. The budget must sometimes "budge;" it's impossible to foresee all emergencies. If it is necessary to spend more than your estimate for one of these divisions, you can often provide the funds by paring from another and, of course, if you have systematically added to your savings, you have something to come and go on should sickness overtake a member of the family.

You cannot expect a budget to run itself; it is merely your guide to regular saving and wise spending. Naturally, the budget for the first year will have some weaknesses, but a careful record of expenditures will assist you in making a more workable plan for the next year. In this way it is a simple matter to check and revise.

If you want to keep your expenditures under control, you will find helpful advice in booklets from various sources such as insurance companies, banks and commercial concerns. For instance, the booklet "Let Budget Help" is available, free, from the Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., Ottawa.

**I RESOLVE to study values and buy wisely.** This means that we will not let price be the only basis of choice. Beware of cheap, "just as good" substitutes, the "bargain" which is merely "reduced" shoddy, poorly made merchandise and articles which don't quite serve your particular needs. Many times we are tempted to buy something simply because it "looks nice" or appeals to us in some way, without enough thought as to its suitability or its real value. You may be paying too much for your whistle. *Chatelaine* disclosed some pertinent facts about furniture, clothing, mattresses, brooms, soaps and cleansers and so on when discussing "The Fallacy of Cheap Merchandise" last year and, what's more, the articles drew some interesting conclusions in each case. Reprints of these are available if you would like to have them.

One of the essentials of good management is the ability to decide wisely what you cannot afford to buy and what you cannot afford to do without. It is poor economy to hang on to a worn-out range, an inefficient refrigerator, battered or chipped pots and pans and other things long past their usefulness. And it's a wise woman who arms herself with as much information as possible before she sets out to purchase an article whether it's a big piece of equipment or an inexpensive gadget. The *Chatelaine* Institute's Seal of Approval, when it appears on a product or in an advertisement, is your assurance that the food or appliance has successfully passed severe tests. It means that a food is of good flavor and sound value, and that our chemist is satisfied as to its quality. Or, in [Continued on page 41]



Have you taken stock of yourself as a home manager?

# COLONIAL SHEETS

## SHERCOTT QUALITY



. . . SINCE 1846 . . . Sherbrooke has been Canada's centre for good textiles. Here the making of cottons has been developed through several generations of skilled textile operatives. Here, Shercott Quality Colonial Sheets are made. The yarns woven into Shercott Quality Sheets and Pillow Cases are combed—a more expensive process leaving only long, tightly spun fibres that give unusual strength and wearing qualities. These combed, fine count yarns give a soft and silky texture to the finished sheet. Shercott Quality Colonial Sheets contain no filling—they are full-size and will stand the most severe launderings. Sold throughout the Dominion. Ask any drygoods store for Colonial Shercott Quality.





# THE INSTITUTE HAS THESE "SWEET" SUGGESTIONS

## FOR THE HOSTESS

### Lemon Cream Cake

A light, inexpensive cake with an "old-fashioned" flavor, popular at late suppers when men are present.

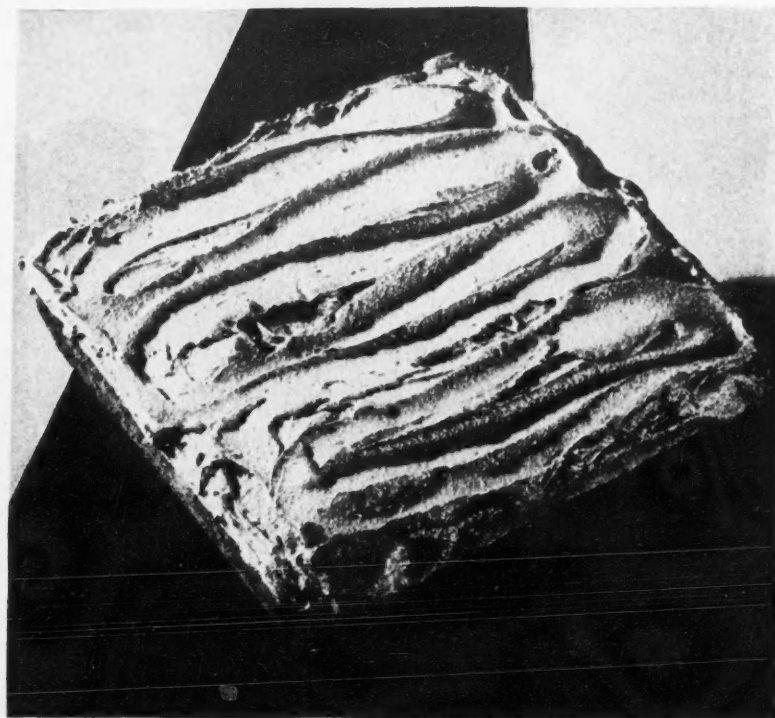
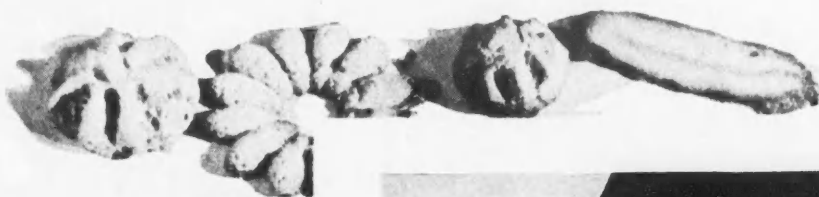
- |  |   |
|--|---|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of butter         | 1 Teaspoonful of nutmeg                 |
| 1 Cupful of brown sugar                | $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of salt       |
| 1 Egg                                  | 1 Teaspoonful of baking soda            |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of buttermilk     | $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of sultana raisins |
| 1 Tablespoonful of molasses            | $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of currants        |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ Cupfuls of sifted flour | $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of vanilla    |
| 1 Teaspoonful of cinnamon              |   |
| 1 Teaspoonful of ginger                |   |

Cream the butter thoroughly, add the brown sugar gradually and continue creaming until the mixture is light and fluffy. Add the beaten egg and combine well. Mix together the buttermilk and the molasses. Measure the sifted flour and sift two or three times with the spices, salt and baking soda. Add these dry ingredients alternately with the buttermilk and molasses. Add the raisins and currants, combine thoroughly and add the vanilla. Turn into a square loaf tin lined with waxed paper and bake in a moderate oven—325 to 350 degrees Fahrenheit for about one hour. Cool and frost with mocha icing.

Recipe for Mocha Icing on page 41



The Lemon Cream Cake.



The Spicy Fruit Loaf.

### Spicy Fruit Loaf

Delicate and distinctly appealing, with a "party" look to please the daintiest hostess and a flavor to delight every guest.

- |  |
|--|
| 2 Eggs                                       |
| 1 Cupful of fine granulated sugar            |
| 1 Cupful of thick sour cream                 |
| 1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice               |
| Grated rind of one lemon                     |
| 2 Cupfuls of sifted flour                    |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt            |
| $1\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonfuls of baking powder |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of baking soda     |

Beat the eggs until very light, add the sugar gradually and continue beating. Sift the flour, measure and sift again with the salt, baking powder and baking soda. Add these dry ingredients alternately with the thick sour cream, mixing thoroughly. Add the lemon juice and rind and beat well. Turn into greased layer cake tins and bake for twenty-five to thirty minutes in a moderately hot oven—375 to 400 degrees Fahrenheit. Cool and put the layers together with lemon filling.

Recipe for Mocha Icing page 41

These party cookies were made in the Chatelaine Institute. Recipe on page 41



## New Year's Resolutions

(Continued from page 36)

the case of a household appliance, that it has been used with satisfaction in house-keeping routine by the Institute staff and that our engineer has examined the material, construction and noted its efficiency in actual use. In other words the Seal of Approval tells you that the product will do the job for which it is designed, that it lives up to the manufacturers' claims and that it will give good service and is worth the price.

The list of approved products is growing slowly—as thoroughness takes time—but surely and regularly month by month. And if you want this housekeeper's guide to wise buying, we will send it to you, up to date, upon request.

It pays to buy the products of a reputable manufacturer, one whose business is established on integrity and who has set up a high standard for his wares; there are many firms whose trademark stands for satisfaction and whose advertisements can be depended on.

Such a policy in buying will save you many costly mistakes. There are other little points to be considered—the size of the package, the grade of the product, how much or how many, and so on. We haven't space to discuss them all but offer a last bit of advice to use discrimination when you go a-marketing for supplies or special purchases.

**TO KNOW** my equipment and make full use of it. For instance, there's the stove; have you really studied it? Do you know how long the insulated oven will retain heat, and do you make use of this when baking or

roasting? You can save fuel, and money, by lowering or shutting off the heat before your dish is quite finished and let the stored heat of the oven complete the cooking. The same applies to top-stove cookery if you have closed elements which are somewhat slower at first but retain heat longer.

It's good management if you have the oven on for one dish to cook as much as possible by this method without overcrowding the space. Plan your meals with this in mind, not forgetting, however, that different dishes require different temperatures and that some take longer than others.

If you have an automatic temperature control, make use of it; you can save worry and inconvenience. And above all, keep your range clean and in repair to give it a chance to serve you efficiently and well.

Do you realize that the constant low, even temperature of your mechanical refrigerator will allow you to take advantage of week-end sales and special prices for perishable foods? It is surprising how you can cut bills if you do.

Your electric beater will do more than beat; it will whip, stir and perform many other services efficiently. And we might go on with other examples of dual or triple or many purpose equipment. Let's make the fullest use of each appliance.

**TO BE progressive and up-to-date**—to read and profit by the latest information from reliable sources. Magazines and papers have sections of special interest and value to homemakers, where new ideas, new methods and new findings are reported and which are brimful of helpful suggestions. Advertising columns, too, contain news and labels tell you much you ought to know.

There are other resolutions you may want to make—about avoiding waste, saving time and labor, planning menus in advance, making wise use of leisure and other phases of your housekeeping routine. Good luck to you and may there be twelve happy months in store for all!

## For the Hostess

(Continued from page 38)

### Lemon Filling

- 6 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1 Cupful of granulated sugar
- $\frac{3}{4}$  Cupful of water
- 2 Egg yolks
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of butter
- $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of lemon juice
- Grated rind of one lemon

Combine the flour and sugar, add the water gradually and cook, stirring constantly until thick and smooth. Place over hot water and cook, stirring occasionally for ten minutes. Add the butter, stir until melted and remove from the heat. Add the lemon juice and rind, combine thoroughly and allow to cool. Frost the cake with Lemon Frosting.

### Mocha Icing

- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of butter
- 1 Cupful of icing sugar
- 4 Teaspoonfuls of cocoa
- 4 Teaspoonfuls of hot strong coffee
- $\frac{3}{4}$  Teaspoonful of vanilla

Cream the butter until very light. Add the icing sugar and the cocoa, which have been sifted together, and the strong coffee. Cream together thoroughly until the mixture

is light and smooth. Add the vanilla and spread roughly on the cooled cake.

### Lemon Frosting

- 2 Egg whites, unbeaten
- $1\frac{1}{2}$  Cupfuls of granulated sugar
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of water
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
- $\frac{1}{4}$  Teaspoonful of grated lemon rind
- Yellow food coloring

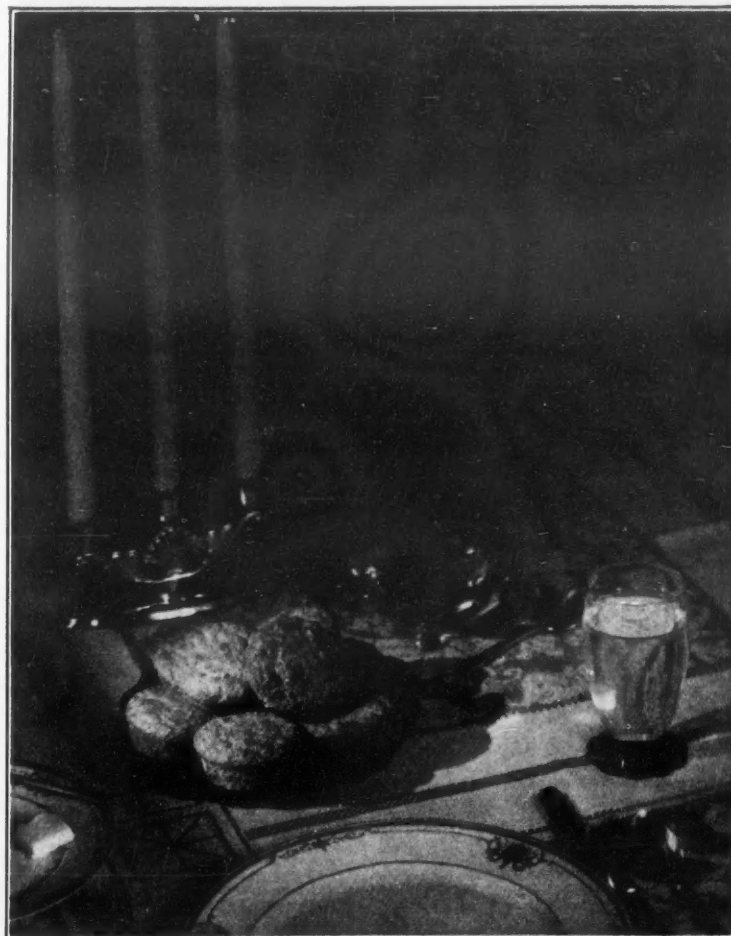
Put the unbeaten egg whites, the sugar and the water in the top part of a double boiler and beat with a rotary beater until well blended. Place over hot water, and continue beating and cook for seven minutes or until the icing will hold its shape. Remove from the heat, add the lemon juice and rind and continue beating until of the right consistency to spread. Enough yellow coloring to produce a delicate shade may be added if desired.

### Party Cookies

A rich, shortbread-like mixture suited for use in a cookie press or cookie maker.

- 1 Cupful of butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$  Cupful of sugar
- 2 Egg yolks
- $2\frac{1}{2}$  Cupfuls of sifted pastry flour
- 1 Teaspoonful of baking powder

Cream the butter until light, add the sugar gradually and cream until well blended and smooth. Add the egg yolks and combine thoroughly. Add the sifted flour which has been measured and sifted again with the baking powder. When well mixed, shape with a cookie press or cookie maker on to a baking sheet and, if desired, brush the tops with unbeaten egg white and sprinkle with sugar. Bake in a moderately hot oven—375 degrees Fahr., for twelve to fifteen mins.



## Two RECIPES to help your family keep on the Sunny Side of Life

### ALL-BRAN MUFFINS

- 2 tablespoons shortening
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup sugar
- 1 egg (well beaten)
- 1 cup sour milk
- 1 cup Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
- 1 cup flour
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon soda
- $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt

Cream the shortening and sugar, add egg and sour milk. Add ALL-BRAN and let soak until most of the moisture is taken up. Sift flour with baking powder, soda and salt and add to first mixture, stirring only until flour disappears. Fill greased muffin tins two-thirds full and bake in a moderate oven (400°F.) for 20 to 25 minutes. Yield: 8 large or 12 small muffins.

### All-Bran Corn Bread with Bacon

- 2 eggs (well beaten)
- 1 tablespoon melted shortening
- 2 cups sour milk
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup Kellogg's ALL-BRAN
- 2 cups cornmeal
- $\frac{1}{2}$  cup flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1 tablespoon sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$  pound bacon, sliced

Combine beaten eggs, melted shortening and milk. Add ALL-BRAN and cornmeal, sift remaining dry ingredients and stir together until well mixed. Pour into greased pan (9 x 12 inches is a suitable size) and sprinkle bacon over the top. Bake in a hot oven (425°F.) for about 25 minutes. Then slip dish under broiler for about two minutes to brown the crust and crisp the bacon. Yield: 16 servings.

Keeping the family healthy and cheerful is as much a matter of food as anything else. Most menus contain too little "bulk"—needed to overcome common constipation. This ailment may cause headaches, loss of appetite and energy.

Try these two tempting recipes. They include healthful Kellogg's All-Bran as an ingredient. Laboratory tests show this delicious cereal provides "bulk" to exercise the intestines, and vitamin B to further aid elimination. All-Bran is also rich in iron for the blood.

Serve All-Bran also as a cereal. Two tablespoonfuls daily will overcome most types of constipation. Severe cases, with each meal. How much better than risking patent medicines!

In the red-and-green package. At all grocers. Made by Kellogg Company, London, Ontario.

Best for Cooking

Best as a Cereal



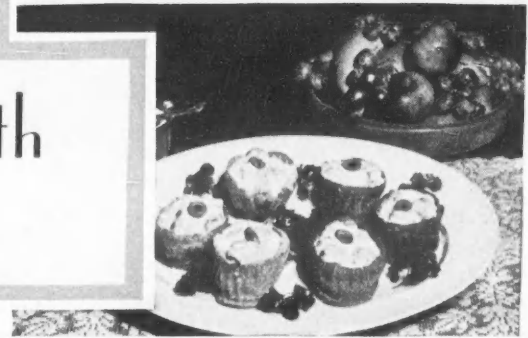
"The CHATELAINE is the best magazine I can get and I enjoy every page. For many years I have subscribed to Maclean publications."—Mrs. M. E. A., Vancouver, B.C.





# Meals of the Month

## Thirty-one Menus for January



<b>1</b> <b>BREAKFAST</b> (New Year's Day) Cranberry Juice Puffy Omelet Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	<b>LUNCHEON or SUPPER</b> Fried Oysters with Lemon Head Lettuce Salad French Dressing Toasted Crackers Apple Compote Small Cakes Tea Cocoa	<b>DINNER</b> Olives Consommé Celery Roast Chicken with Dressing Sweet Pickle Relish Scalloped Onions Riced Potatoes Fruit Ice Cream Pound Cake Coffee Tea	<b>17</b> <b>BREAKFAST</b> Cranberry Juice Broiled Baby Sausages Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	<b>LUNCHEON or SUPPER</b> Creamed Chicken and Peas on Toast Sliced Oranges with Cocoanut Cookies Tea Cocoa	<b>DINNER</b> Clear Tomato Soup Pot Roast of Beef Mashed Potatoes Buttered Parsnips Apple Tapioca Coffee Tea
<b>2</b> Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Chicken and Celery Salad Fresh Rolls Waffles Maple Syrup Tea Cocoa	Baked Pork Chops Au Gratin Potatoes Peas Cranberry Tapioca with Cream Tea	<b>18</b> Grapefruit Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Chicken Broth Hot Roast Beef Sandwich Mustard Pickles Strawberry Jelly Whipped Cream Tea Cocoa	Roast Stuffed Heart Au Gratin Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Baked Cranberry Pudding Coffee Tea
<b>3</b> Oranges Cereal Bacon Coffee Toast Cocoa	Bean Soup Crackers Cheese Fresh Applesauce Gingerbread Tea Cocoa	Roast of Beef Horseradish Browned Potatoes Turnips Baked Rice Pudding Coffee Tea	<b>19</b> Orange Juice French Toast Maple Syrup Coffee Cocoa	Devilled Egg Salad Rolls Stewed Prunes and Lemon Filled Cookies Tea Cocoa	Fish and Chips Scalloped Corn Peach Up-Side-Down Cake Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea
<b>4</b> Cereal with Chopped Figs Plain Muffins Jelly Coffee Cocoa	Sliced Bologna Hashed Brown Potatoes Mustard Pickles Canned Peaches Cookies Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Cold Roast Beef Baked Potatoes Parsnips Steamed Carrot Pudding Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea	<b>20</b> Cereal with Raisins Bacon Marmalade Toast Coffee Cocoa	Cream of Celery Soup Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Dill Pickles Fruit Trifle Tea Cocoa	Hot Baked Ham Spoon Bread Cauliflower Prune Whip Custard Sauce Coffee Tea
<b>5</b> Stewed Apples Cereal Soft-Cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Cocoa	Cream of Onion Soup Canned Salmon Salad Brown Rolls Jam Tea Cocoa	Baked Codfish Steaks Riced Potatoes Spinach Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee Tea	<b>21</b> (Sunday) Stewed Apricots Cereal Broiled Smoked Fish Toast Coffee Cocoa	Cold Ham Potato Salad Celery Curds Pineapple Tarts Tea Cocoa	Consommé Roast Duck with Dressing Baked Apple Rings Browned Potatoes String Beans Fruit Ice Cream Coffee Tea
<b>6</b> Sliced Bananas Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Cheese Toast and Bacon Fresh Fruit Salad Raisin Bread Tea Cocoa	Lamb Stew with Vegetables Dumplings Black Currant Cup Cakes Coffee Tea	<b>22</b> Sliced Bananas Cereal Scones Coffee Honey Cocoa	Creamed Ham and Hard- Cooked Eggs on Toast Canned Cherries Rock Cookies Tea Cocoa	Meat Loaf Mashed Potatoes Turnips Chocolate Cream Pie Coffee Tea
<b>7</b> (Sunday) Half Grapefruit Fried Ham and Eggs Toast Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Scalloped Corn Brown Bread Sandwiches Jam Tarts Tea Cocoa	Tomato Cocktail Roast of Veal Brown Gravy Mashed Potatoes Creamed Celery Chilled Caramel Nut Blanc Mange Coffee Tea	<b>23</b> Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Conserve Cocoa	Broiled Sausages Pan-Fried Potatoes Tomato Catsup Apple Sauce Gingersnaps Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Cold Meat Loaf Baked Potatoes Buttered Beets Baked Rice Pudding Coffee Tea
<b>8</b> Cereal with Raisins Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Macaroni and Cheese Tomato Catsup Canned Berries Oatmeal Cookies Tea Cocoa	Cream of Vegetable Soup Cold Roast Veal Potato Cakes Buttered Carrots Apple Crisp Coffee Tea	<b>24</b> Apple Sauce Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Cabbage and Peanut Salad Brown Rolls Fresh Johnny Cake Maple Syrup Tea Cocoa	Baked Pork Chops Mashed Sweet Potatoes Creamed Celery Baked Lemon Pudding Coffee Tea
<b>9</b> Orange Halves Bacon Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Baked Stuffed Onions Pineapple and Cheese Salad Plain Cake Tea Cocoa	Steak and Kidney Pie Boiled Potatoes Harvard Beets Chocolate Junket Coffee Tea	<b>25</b> Orange Slices Milk Toast Rolls Coffee Jam Cocoa	Barley Broth Cheese Fondue Mixed Fruit Cup Nut Bread Tea Cocoa	Liver and Bacon Creamed Potatoes Carrots Grape Juice Whip Coffee Wafers Tea
<b>10</b> Tomato Juice Cereal Bran Muffins Honey Coffee Cocoa	Hamburger Cakes Pan-fried Potatoes Stewed Apricots Tea Cocoa	Broth Baked Sausages Sweet Potatoes Creamed Celery Gingerbread Apple Sauce Coffee Tea	<b>26</b> Grapes Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Broiled Kippers Lemon Sections Head Lettuce Salad Bran Muffins Honey Tea Cocoa	Cream Soup Baked Eggs in Potatoes Creamed Onions Peas Date Pudding Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea
<b>11</b> Apple Sauce Soft-Cooked Eggs Jam Toast Coffee Cocoa	Potato Soup Sardine Salad Fruit Whip Tea Cocoa	Corned Beef Mashed Potatoes Cabbage Raisin Pie Tea	<b>27</b> Stewed Prunes Bread and Milk Toasted Muffins Jelly Coffee Cocoa	Baked Beans Chili Sauce Boston Brown Bread Pear, Cheese and Grape Salad Tea Cocoa	Swiss Steak Boiled Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Walnut Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
<b>12</b> Grapefruit Cereal Scones Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Plain Omelette Toast Canned Plums Jelly Roll Tea Cocoa	Baked Stuffed Haddock Potato Chips Scalloped Tomatoes Pineapple Bread Pudding Coffee Tea	<b>28</b> (Sunday) Half Grapefruit Cereal Parsley Omelet Toast Coffee Cocoa	Oyster Stew Crackers Fresh Fruits Tiny Cream Puffs Tea Cocoa	Mixed Grill (Lamb Chop, Sausage, Kidney, Mushroom) Baked Potatoes Spinach Steamed Fruit Pudding Hard Sauce Coffee Tea
<b>13</b> Apples Baby Sausages Toast Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Broiled Liver Creamed Potatoes Mixed Pickles Sliced Bananas and Cream Tea Cocoa	Ox-tail Soup (Vegetable Plate) Baked Potatoes Lima Bean Casserole, Canned Asparagus Raw Carrot Salad, Indian Pudding Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea	<b>29</b> Tomato Juice Pancakes Maple Syrup Coffee Cocoa	Creamed Chipped Beef Buttered Noodles Canned Apricots Cookies Tea Cocoa	Clear Soup Broiled Veal Steak French Fried Potatoes Stewed Corn Orange Tapioca Cream Coffee Tea
<b>14</b> (Sunday) Grapes Waffles Bacon Maple Syrup Coffee Cocoa	Oyster Stew Crackers Celery Curds Hot Biscuits Honey Tea Cocoa	Cranberry Juice Cocktail Dressed Pork Tenderloin Browned Potatoes Spinach Fruit Jelly Whipped Cream Coffee Tea	<b>30</b> Cereal with Chopped Figs Grilled Bacon Toast Coffee Cocoa	Peppercorn Soup Sardine and Egg Salad Sliced Bananas Tea Cocoa	Baked Cottage Roll Scalloped Potatoes Sauer Kraut Dutch Apple Cake Coffee Tea
<b>15</b> Apples Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Cold Pork Tenderloin Potato Cakes Cole Slaw Caramel Junket Tea Cocoa	Lamb Chops Creamed Potatoes Buttered Carrots Banana Shortcake Coffee Tea	<b>31</b> Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Cold Sliced Cottage Roll Lyonnais Potatoes Apple, Raisin and Nut Salad Sweet Rolls Tea Cocoa	Chicken Fricassee Riced Potatoes String Beans Baked Custard Coffee Tea
<b>16</b> Stewed Figs Cereal Soft-Cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Cocoa	Split Pea Soup Waldorf Salad Bran Muffins Tea Cocoa	Stewed Chicken Dumplings Canned Spinach Chocolate Soufflé Marshmallow Sauce Coffee Tea	<b>The Meals of the Month as compiled by M. Frances Hucks are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month.</b>		

full of clothes he bought yesterday a card engraved 'Mr. Henry Smith.' I'll cut out all his gabble. He got the suitcase from a mechanic whose name and address he took—Desmond or Skinny Shaw. At the address a cross Irishwoman cursed this Skinny Shaw because he had vamoosed without paying his rent, and she told me where the garage was that he worked at. So I went there and I've got this bird in the outer office."

"Good enough, Clark; shoot him in." Clark went to the door of the outer office and nodded. A thin young man entered, approaching with a lowering look. Behind a mask of grease and grime Hawkin stared into two sullen eyes.

"I've a few questions to ask you, Shaw," Hawkin said.

"Fire away," Shaw said; "I ain't done anything."

"You sold this suitcase to a Jew named Goldstein."

"Sure," Shaw assented; "it was mine."

"Just tell me how it came to be yours."

"This was the way of it," Shaw replied. "I was driving along from the bottom of the island, and when I passed a place with a high wall around it, I saw a fellow standing there before the gate, without any hat and with this suitcase in his hand. Said he wanted to get to the city. I told him I wasn't taking passengers for my health and he'd have to pay me taxi rates. He said it wasn't convenient for him to pay me money, but that I could have the suitcase and whatever was in it if I'd hustle. I opened the suitcase and called it a deal."

"Weren't you charging a pretty stiff price?" Hawkin asked.

"Maybe; but it was his offer, and I seen from it that he had reasons for hurrying."

"How does it happen," Hawkin asked, "that your passenger didn't get all the way to New York?"

"There's where I maybe gypped him," Shaw replied. "He was half drunk or something—I don't know—one minute sleepy and one minute excited. He got to fighting with me so I could hardly drive. Finally I got mad. I just rolled him out of the car and drove on."

"Whereabouts did you leave him?" Hawkin asked. "Near a town?"

"I don't know," Shaw said, sullenly. "It was just a few miles from where I picked him up. I was sore on this guy and wanted to get rid of him and be on my way."

Hawkin examined his fingernails reflectively. Then he said:

"Would you recognize this man if you saw him?"

"Sure I would. He hadn't a hat on, and he was standing there by the headlights."

"All right," Hawkin sounded a bell, and Clark appeared. Hawkin gave him a whispered direction, and then resumed his examination of Shaw. For half an hour he questioned the man but could not shake his story. At the end of that time, Clark returned, and nodded to Hawkin. Hawkin led Shaw into the outer office. There were assembled a number of men, among them Sheridan, Hardesty and Colby. Shaw pointed to Colby.

"There; that's the fellow I picked up."

Colby's face showed his astonishment.

"Ever see this man before, Colby?" Hawkin asked.

"Never," Colby replied.

"He claims he picked you up outside the surgeon's house, you hiring him with a dress suitcase full of clothes to take you to New York."

Clark silently showed the open suitcase to Colby.

"These clothes belong to you?" Hawkin asked.

"To the best of my knowledge I never saw them before."

"Then you deny this man's story?"

"Absolutely."

Shaw uttered a barking laugh.

"That'll do from you," said Hawkin, savagely; "you're not passing on this evidence." He was silent a moment and then added: "We'll keep you here till after the inquest, Shaw. That's all, I guess."

The company in the police station dispersed, eagerly watched on the street by a knot of spectators.

Two days later Adrienne was sitting in the sunroom with Colby when Sheridan entered carrying a newspaper.

"Listen to this," he said. "Last night a body was picked up in the bay which from examination of a note case and papers in the pockets proved to be that of Thomas Palgrave, of 10 Waverly Place. The resident of that address, Captain James Farley, said that he had engaged Palgrave a few days ago as chauffeur, having known him when he, Captain Farley, was a patient in a sanitarium where Palgrave was employed. It is not known whether Palgrave committed suicide or was murdered. Captain Farley said he did not seem despondent, and so far as he knew possessed no enemies. He did not think Palgrave was carrying any money or valuables at the time he met his death. The police now have the case under advisement."

Adrienne uttered a cry.

"Don't grieve, Adrienne," Colby said. "This death can't be due to your advertisement. There would scarcely have been time." Then he added to Sheridan:

"It wasn't suicide. Palgrave's life was bound up in his stepdaughter. He wouldn't have deserted her; he was murdered."

"We've evidently got a ruthless hand to deal with," Sheridan said.

"If I'm being framed," Colby said slowly, "it looks as if the framer had complete confidence in Liggett."

"Probably; or this death of Palgrave might serve as a warning to Liggett," Sheridan said.

While they were still discussing the matter, the maid Lena entered to say that a man named Simms was asking to see Mr. Sheridan.

"Show him in here, please," Sheridan said, adding: "We'll get the laugh we sorely need from Simms."

THE MAID ushered in the stocky red-haired man, whom they had left two nights before at the surgeon's house. He nodded to them and then closed the door after the maid.

"This is certainly one curious town," he remarked; "everyone asking you your business. I thought they were curious enough in New York, but a hick town's the limit."

"All right, Simms," Sheridan said. "I'm sure you know how to dispose of their questions. You have a report for me?"

"Sure, I've a little something," Simms said. He took from his pocket a sheet of foolscap, unrolled it and began to read in an imposing voice.

"For Mr. Sheridan. On the night before last when I entered your employment, I left your car and took my stand before the walls of the sanitarium now in possession of Dr. Liggett. The first thing I did was to walk around the place, noting the great height of the walls. I also noted by means of my flashlight that the top of the wall was strewn with glass. I observed that the only means of entrance in front was a big gate. This gate is oak with iron bars across it, very well made. There is no crack through it from

Continued on page 48

"I would like you to know that my four friends, to whom I sent the magazine as a gift, were unanimous in their approval and said that I couldn't have given them anything they would have appreciated half so much. As for myself I eagerly await every issue."—Mrs. L. L., St. James, Man.



## Are you missing many delicious uses for Maple Syrup?

If you have thought maple syrup was only good on pancakes and that maple sugar was only good as candy, you've a whole series of delightful surprises in store. And perhaps you haven't tasted maple butter as a spread for bread?

Every day housewives add distinctive flavour to cakes, puddings, sauces, cereals and icings by the use of one or more maple products. These natural, healthful, enticing sweeteners

are good for you, good for children, too... safe! Their purity and quality are protected by the Dominion Government Maple Sugar Industry Act.

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OTTAWA, CANADA

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## TO THE HOSTESS...

Every Hostess likes new clothes when entertaining, but sometimes it is quite a problem to figure out where the money is coming from.

"Where can I get more money?" that is the question, isn't it?

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"My cheque for \$25.00 certainly arrived at an opportune time."

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*that's what* **OXO**  
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**OXO**  
**CUBES**  
Dissolve at once  
Also **OXO** Cordial  
(**OXO** in liquid form)

## The Mystery of the Surgeon's House

(Continued from page 8)

forceful at any rate. I don't think I'd ever have had much chance against Baldwin before a jury. But I might have saved Francis Pierce if one of his own gang had not turned state's evidence. The plea of insanity was not so plausible in the old days as it is now. The boy was convicted and—executed. At the hour of his death my sister took poison."

ADRIENNE'S EYES were full of tears.

"Poor Uncle Dick. How terrible for you!" she whispered.

"It was hard at the time," he said, "although I was glad my sister died. My relationship to Francis Pierce never came to light. But evidently this person who threatens knows."

Adrienne considered. "Wouldn't it be hard to prove, Uncle Dick?"

"Undoubtedly. It could scarcely be proved. But just to have the story told as a conjecture would be most unpleasant."

"Forty years is so long ago," she said.

"Twenty-one years isn't. It was then that the boy was tried."

"It's a generation ago, too, Uncle Dick. And I truly would rather have it said that my cousin was executed for murder than to have it on my conscience that we were able to help an innocent man and refused to because of self-interest."

Sheridan smiled at her. "Strong words, like most of yours, youngster; and yet I like to hear you say them. We will stick with Colby, but on one condition. You shall help me, but you must not seem to be involved."

"I agree to that," Adrienne said, "and not only because you want me to. I don't like differing with Roland, Uncle Dick. Yet I can't surrender my beliefs, even for him."

"Now then, off to bed with you," he said. Adrienne left the study, but she did not go immediately to bed. The spring night was too entrancing and her nerves were too taut. She went to the front door, opened it, and stepped out upon the terrace. Walking down the driveway, she saw a shadowy figure advancing toward her. She stopped.

"It's I, Colby," a voice said. "I just came out to feel free."

He spoke whimsically, but as she joined him, and they paced up and down, she could feel his tenseness.

"It is so baffling," he said, "not to be able to remember. If only I could break down that bar, my closed memory, the truth that I need would come rushing in. The worst of it is that the burden is all on your uncle. Then this money I have; the state may not even consider it mine. Perhaps it isn't. If they take it away—"

"Don't think of payment," she said quickly. "We are interested in the—the achievement."

"You and your uncle—your goodness," he said slowly, "bring back the faith I had almost lost in the surgeon's house. Whatever the outcome I want you to know that what you two have done makes me willing to trust the future, trust the ultimate justice of

things. I suppose I am talking of time and eternity together."

"If anything could have made me more than ever anxious to help you," she said, "it is that you have felt and said this to me."

Sheridan came to the door then, and called Colby. Adrienne went on pacing up and down the driveway. The night was so lovely that she wandered farther afield through the grounds, passing along the walls beside the young flower beds. She had made the circle of the grounds once, and was farthest from the house. Suddenly she paused, listening, with a certain disturbance. It was not that she heard anyone, rather that she felt a presence. A sudden, quick panic seized her. She turned as if to run to the house. Then she felt a heavy cloth thrown over her head and a strong hand covering her mouth. She was swung into someone's arms and carried a few feet. A sponge with chloroform on it was thrust beneath the cloth. She struggled unavailingly. Bells rang in her head. Then blackness.

When she came to herself she was lying in a corner of the grounds under one of the great copper beeches. The young moon rode high; she could see a light in her uncle's study. It could not be very late. She struggled up and looked at her wrist-watch. At the most she could have been in the garden barely half an hour.

She was aware then that she was holding a letter in her right hand. She thrust it into her dress, and walking dizzily, she reached the house. Safe in her bedroom, she looked at the envelope. It was precisely like the one that had been left on the window-sill. She opened it and saw the same sort of rough printing.

"You have been lessoned twice," the printing ran, "because the Sheridan stubbornness of character is known. Each warning that has been given you and your uncle this evening is vital."

Adrienne tore the note into tiny pieces. She was trembling, tempted to wish that Colby had not been found at the Sheridan gates. A little shaken in her intentions, as much afraid for her uncle as for herself, she went to bed. In the middle of the night she awoke with her head clear, all fear gone, and in its place a sort of hard defiance. If Franklin Colby, in danger of his life, could take the attitude he had taken, she could at least show determination and bravery.

THE NEXT afternoon, Hawkin was sitting in his private office when Clark entered, a suitcase in his hand.

"Say, Clarkie," Hawkin said, "I've just heard from Thatcher that he is not going to wait till next week for the inquest. He said Bristol and you both thought it would be better. How come?"

An inscrutable look drew down over Clark's face. Then he said:

"Well, it means the Grand Jury, and I don't think the Grand Jury will feel there is a case against him. They'll discharge him and so he won't be in jail all summer."

"You're a great little humanitarian," jeered Hawkin. "Maybe you think there's no such person as Smith murdered? Well, I've got two more days from Thatcher. That still leaves time for your Grand Jury. Now let's talk about the birds and the fishes. What've you found?"

Clark sat down, saying,

"I went to see that excited Hebrew who claimed he'd found in the lining of a suitcase

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Please send sample of Aristo Rug Hold for me to try.

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## THE FRUIT-BASKET QUILT

To All Who Are Making It:—

Pressure of space has prevented Chatelaine from including the fourteenth and fifteenth blocks in this popular applique quilt in the December and January issues. These two blocks, however,—the Banana and the Raspberry—may be secured by writing to the Editorial Department, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto. The remaining seventeen blocks in the Fruit Basket Quilt will appear in the February and succeeding issues of Chatelaine.

# GIRLS!

How About  
Next Summer?

You can make that  
Vacation Possible!



It is not necessary to do without that enjoyable Summer vacation you planned.

We can show you the way to earn sufficient money between now and vacation time. Why not plan now to take a real holiday?

In your spare time during the next four or five months you can easily earn enough money to meet those extra expenses you will have.

Representatives from every province of Canada are sending us 10-25-50-100 subscriptions a month. A few orders each day will bring \$100.00 a month. You can turn your "off time" into money and have a "good time" doing it. The work is exceedingly pleasant and profitable.

Write us today. We will authorize you to collect the many local orders for renewal and new subscriptions to Chatelaine.

A postal card will bring you details.  
Send it now.

**THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING  
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481 University Ave.,  
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You should have your baby vaccinated, preferably on the upper part of the left arm. The age mentioned is a favorable one. The reaction is slight in a young child, and at this age he can be carefully taken care of. He should be vaccinated again at about ten years. Vaccination is a sure preventive of smallpox.

*My baby is four months old. I have nursed him, but I don't think he gets enough. Can I do anything to increase the supply? If not, how should I feed him?—Mrs. B., Peggy's Cove, N.S.*

The best guide to the baby's getting enough food is steady increase in weight. Weigh him every week. If he is gaining, all's well. The nursing mother should have a generous diet, plenty of rest and sleep, freedom from care, worry and excitement. The next best way to ensure a complete supply of breast-milk is to have it used to the fullest extent. If the child fails completely to empty the breasts at nursing, they should be milked dry by hand or the breast-pump. The baby should be given the breast regularly by the clock, every three or four hours. Try these means, and if they fail, ask your doctor for a feeding formula, or write me again.

*I heard you talk on cancer last winter. My baby, six months old, has a black mole on the inside of her knee. Should I have it removed? Is it likely to become cancerous?—Mrs. K. L. S., North Bay, Ont.*

If irritated, black moles are liable to become cancerous in people of adult age. As it is a simple matter to have it removed, I should advise that this be done by a good surgeon.

*How many meals should my child have in the second year? What is the best food for him?—Mrs. K. J., Forest, Ont.*

About five. Some children will sleep from 6 p.m. to 6 a.m. without waking, but unless there is a feeding at 10 p.m. they are apt to wake very early in the morning. The best foods are milk with a quarter thick gruel. This should form three-quarters of the diet. He should also have orange juice, one or

two ounces; beef juice, one ounce; and two or three teaspoonfuls of some vegetable such as spinach.

*My baby, six months old, is a little constipated. He is gaining on breast-nursing and a formula, given me by my physician, which agrees with him. What will help him?—Mrs. J. C. C., Collingwood, Ont.*

Add a little more top milk to the formula. If this is not sufficient to relieve constipation, increase the daily amount of sugar by one or two tablespoonfuls. For more obstinate cases, add one teaspoonful of milk of magnesia to the food formula.

*Will diphtheria antitoxin prevent my children from taking the diphtheria that is going round?—Mrs. L. P., Cornwall, Ont.*

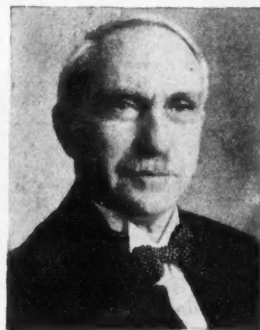
Yes, but only for about three weeks. To gain permanent freedom from diphtheria, have your doctor give the children a course of diphtheria toxoid.

*At what ages should playing with babies begin? What harm is done by playing with very young babies? At what times may young children be played with?—Mr. J. C. Mc., Flesherton, Ont.*

Babies under six months old should never be played with; the less of it at any time, the better. Play makes little babies nervous and irritable; it spoils their sleep, causes indigestion and loss of weight. Play is best in the morning or just after the midday nap; never just before bedtime.

*What should I do if my child takes convulsions?—Mrs. J. R., Winnipeg, Man.*

Send for your doctor. Keep the child perfectly quiet, with ice to the head, the feet in a mustard bath and the body wrapped in towels dipped in mustard water—two tablespoonfuls of mustard to one gallon of tepid water. Plenty of hot water and a bath tub should be ready, as the doctor may want to use it. The hot bath is useful if the pulse is weak, face pale, nails and lips blue, and feet and hands cold. The bath brings the blood to the surface.



## How to keep the Baby well

In these columns every month, Dr. J. W. S. McCullough, Chief Inspector of Health for Ontario, will contribute a brief article on some phase of the baby's health. He will, in addition, be prepared to answer questions sent to *Chatelaine* by mothers on the care of their babies, and other public health matters. Dr. McCullough will not prescribe.

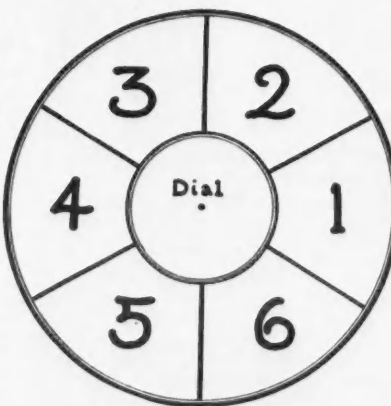
A stamped, self-addressed envelope should be enclosed if a private answer is desired.

## Adventures of Tot and Tim

Directions for playing game shown on page 49

PASTE THE Adventures of Tot and Tim on a piece of light cardboard; then it will be good for many games. To form a steady base for the dial, paste it on the lid of a small cardboard box. Also reinforce the spinner with a cardboard back and cut it out with a pencil point. Punch a hole through the centre. Through this hole the spinner may be attached to the dial centre with a plain pin or thumb tack. When the spinner is flicked lightly with thumb and first finger it should spin freely. Ask mother to give you a different colored button from her work basket for each person playing the game.

Now you are ready to begin. The one who flicks the highest number starts first. If the spinner stops on the line between numbers it must be spun again. The number at which the spinner points indicates the number of moves the player may take in that turn. The green spots may only be evaded when number of moves carries the player past them to a number beyond.



## Make it Yourself



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## It's Not Expensive

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You, yourself, can make one just as exquisite as that. Expensive to buy, of course, but so easy to make at home and not a bit costly.

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## THREE ILLS ROUTED

Health Tip from Woman  
of 67

"For headache—constipation—rheumatism—I use Kruschen. And since I have used it, I am in very much better health. In fact, I hardly ever wake with those bad headaches and that general feeling of lassitude. Kruschen has helped me beyond words. I am 67 and feel young,"—thus writes Mrs. M. G.

It is reasonable to ask why it is that headaches, constipation, and rheumatism all yield so completely to Kruschen? What is the secret of Kruschen's effectiveness against these different complaints? The secret is an open one. It is revealed in the analysis on the bottle—for physicians and everyone else to see. *Six vital, mineral salts.* That is the secret. Each of these six salts has an action of its own. Where one cannot penetrate another can—and does. Stomach, liver, kidneys and digestive tract are all benefited and toned up to a top-notch condition of efficiency.

ARISTO Crib Sheets are made of the finest materials... assuring you long-wearing qualities.

When gathering your baby's layette together be sure to include ARISTO Crib Sheets. Look for the imprinted name—ARISTO. The Canadian General Rubber Co., Limited, Galt, Ontario.

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CRIB SHEETS



## "This is My Secret for Keeping My Family Well"

Mrs. Russell Ward, Hilton Beach, Ontario, writes: "This is my secret for keeping my family of six well. For all my children I have used Baby's Own Tablets, and I cannot praise them too much. If my baby is fretful, I give her a Baby's Own Tablet, and in a short time she is happy. If there is sign of a cold, I give the tablets, and she is soon all better. If she is constipated, I find the tablets a wonderful regulator. The tablets are fine during teething. I wouldn't think of being without a box in the house."

"I have practically reared my family on Baby's Own Tablets," writes Mrs. Roy Holland, Dunnville, Ontario. "They have saved my children from many a sick spell."

Hundreds of other mothers have written their heartfelt thanks for Baby's Own Tablets, the absolutely SAFE remedy for the common illnesses of babies and children—teething troubles, simple fevers, colds, summer complaint, colic, upset stomach and the peevishness that indicates something wrong.

25c a package.

DR. WILLIAMS'

**BABY'S OWN  
TABLETS**

Make and Keep Children Well—As Mothers Know

## Chatelaine's Baby Clinic

Conducted by J. W. S. McCullough, M.D., D.P.H.

### PREVENTION OF CRIPPLING IN CHILDREN

CHILDREN ARE crippled chiefly by the results of infantile paralysis and tuberculosis.

The first of these causes paralysis of certain muscles, and the disability and deformity are produced largely by the unequal pull of the healthy against the paralyzed muscles. One of the greatest mistakes made in treatment is the use of active measures in the early days of convalescence. No active treatment should be used until all surface soreness has disappeared. Anxious parents should not, if they expect the best results, clamor for the early use of electricity, massage or manipulation. When the soreness is gone, these measures combined with exercise in a warm bath will do good. The convalescence lasts for 1½ to two years, during which period the child should be under the care of a skillful physician with experience in orthopedic work.

Prevention of infantile paralysis consists of the maintenance of health by good food, outdoor exercise and sunshine, keeping children away from crowds, and by the use of convalescent serum, which is obtained from the blood of persons who have had infantile paralysis.

The tuberculosis causing crippling, exists in two forms: the bovine, which is carried in raw milk from tuberculous cows; and the human form, which comes from a contact, such as the mother having tuberculosis. About eighty per cent of tuberculous crippling comes from human tuberculosis. The principles of prevention are the use of pasteurized milk, and second, the removal of the source of infection. If these two principles were universally carried out, crippling of children from tuberculosis would disappear.

Dr. McCullough's Question Box

*At what age may I give my baby a full bath in a tub?*—Mrs. M., Sarnia, Ont.

Usually at ten days old, but not until the cord comes off.

*What food besides the breast or the bottle may I give my baby during the first year?*—Mrs. C., Owen Sound, Ont.

After seven or eight months, or in extra sturdy children, at five or six months, fruit juice, such as orange, peach, tomato; broths, beef juice, egg, strained cereal, dried bread or milk cracker and vegetables such as spinach may be used.

*What is meant by pasteurized milk, and what are the advantages and disadvantages of the use of pasteurized or boiled milk for my baby, now ten months old?*—Mrs. McC., Regina, Sask.

Pasteurized milk is milk heated to 142 degrees Fahrenheit and held at this temperature for thirty minutes, then cooled

to 40 to 50 degrees Fahrenheit and so kept until used. Boiled milk and pasteurized milk are safe milks for children because the heat destroys the germs of human and bovine (cattle) tuberculosis, diphtheria, scarlet fever, typhoid, undulant fever, and the poisons carried in manure and other filth which are found in milk which is not cleanly handled. The latter cause diarrhoea and intestinal disturbances which, before the use of pasteurization, used to kill thousands of babies every summer.

The disadvantages of milk so treated are trifling. These may be overcome by the regular use by the child of fruit and vegetable juices, such as of orange and tomato.

*What are the earliest signs of infantile paralysis, and how may I guard my child against this disease?*—Mrs. J. B., Napanee, Ont.

A little fever, vomiting, or gastro-intestinal disorder, surface soreness, irritability stiff neck and loss of the reflexes of the limbs. Keep your child away from crowds, maintain his health by good food, outdoor play and sunshine. If there is an outbreak, call your family doctor, and if there are any of the foregoing signs, watch the child affected. If necessary the doctor will administer convalescent serum which, given early, usually prevents the paralysis.

*The school nurse has been urging me to have my children toxoided in order to prevent diphtheria. Is it safe, and will it prevent diphtheria?*—Mrs. A. P., Swift Current, Sask.

The use of diphtheria toxoid administered in the pre-school age will prevent diphtheria in about ninety-five per cent of children. It is a simple and effective preventive. It is absolutely safe and should not be neglected. The combined use of diphtheria antitoxin and of diphtheria toxoid have so reduced the incidence of diphtheria that many cities in the United States, Canada, and Great Britain have not had a single death—in many instances not a single case—from diphtheria in years. By all means follow the trained nurse's advice.

*Should children be allowed to go with their legs bare? What good will it do them? Do you think I should have my boy, now 2½ years old, vaccinated? How often should it be done?*—Mrs. L. J. M., Fonthill, Ont.

In the warmer weather of spring, summer and autumn, children are advantageously allowed to go with their legs bare. The exposure to the sun should be gradual. Do not let them get sunburnt. If such happens accidentally, apply a saturated solution of epsom salts. Gradual tanning prevents and cures rickets.



## MOTHER! don't experiment with your Child's Cold



*Rub on* **VICKS VAPORUB**

### The PROVED Way of RELIEVING Colds

The minute you apply Vicks VapoRub over throat and chest it goes right to work to fight a cold—two ways at once—by Stimulation and Inhalation. Through the skin, it acts like a poultice, "drawing out" tightness and soreness. At the same time, its medicated vapors are inhaled direct to irritated air-passages. All night long, it works to help Nature throw off the cold.

### Ideal for Children's Colds

Being externally applied, VapoRub avoids the risks of those digestive upsets that so often come from constant dosing. It can be used freely, and as often as needed, even on the youngest child. And it's just as good for adults.

## Your Sewing Machine

Is it newly oiled and ready to dig into that pile of sewing? It pays to have it regularly overhauled, just as you do your car. The Chatelaine Pattern Service has a specially selected showing of up-to-date styles on

### Pages 46 and 47

of this issue. There are patterns for your children and for yourself. Get the sewing machine into working order.

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Have More and Smarter Clothes  
SAVE MONEY... EARN MONEY

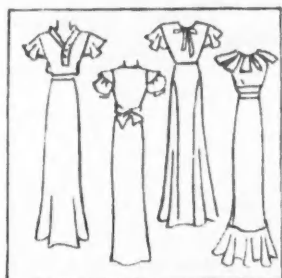
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# FOUR STREAM-LINED FASHIONS FOR 1934



**No. 184** — A neckline which sweeps to a V-shape at the back, and graceful Dolman sleeves, distinguish this frock. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  and 1 yards of 39 inch material.

**No. 175** — Neat little epaulets repeat the pointed line of the skirt. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{7}{8}$  yards of 39 inch material.

**No. 151** — Long, flowing lines for this hostess frock. It is particularly charming in black georgette combined with lace. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches. Size 40 requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 39 inch material.

**No. 183** — Velvet combines beautifully for the pieced cape-collar and trimming, in this attractive evening frock. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 34 requires  $3\frac{7}{8}$  and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 39 inch material.



184

175

151

183

Chatelaine Patterns  
Price 15 cents

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# THE NEW TAILLEUR DOES QUAIN T THINGS

WITH SLEEVES  
AND YOKES  
AND BOWS

Chatelaine Patterns - Price 15 cents



**No. 143** — The contrasting collar on this smart frock is really nothing more or less than an elaborated form of bib — and it is removable. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 34 requires 4 yards of 39 inch and  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 22 inch or wider material.

**No. 292** — The type of ensemble that Parisians love to wear beneath their winter coats. Smartly cut frock and separate coat. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches. Size 34 requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 54 inch material.

**No. 286** — Insets in the sleeves and pleats in the skirt. Trim and very debonair for a light-weight wool material. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches. Size 34 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 54 inch material.

**No. 190** — Wool trimmed with velvet is very smart. This frock hints at the new Tudor influence with its shirred armholes. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 39 inch material.

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# An Exciting Game The Adventures of Tot and Tim

By Jean Wylie

Tot and Tim go sleigh riding. (Whoever spins the highest starts first.)

Whizz! They are off for a lovely long ride down hills. (Jump to No. 19.)

Tot forgets to hang on tightly and is left behind. (Return to No. 1.)

Crash! They break through the ice in the pond. (Spin a No. 6 before proceeding.)

Wet and cold, they go to a nearby farmhouse to get dry. (Go to No. 37.)

Kind Mrs. Banks warms them and gives them hot cocoa. (Miss one turn.)

Mrs. Banks gives them a shovel and they build a snow man. (Take an extra turn.)

Pat, their dog, finds them and leads the way home. (Go to No. 78.)

They start for home and get lost in the woods. (Go back to No. 48.)

Tot is frightened. (Wait to spin a No. 6 before proceeding.)

They arrive home just in time for supper, and mother is very glad to see them.



## The Mystery of the Surgeon's House

(Continued from page 43)

which one could see the house. There is an electric bell at one side. I rang the bell. It was not answered. I watched all night until I was relieved by Cummings."

"In short," said Sheridan, the corners of his mouth twitching, "nothing happened the night before last."

Beyond looking slightly offended, Simms took no notice of the interruption.

"Last night I drove down with a long ladder attached to my fender. I also carried two heavy army blankets. About midnight I set my ladder against the wall, climbed up, placed the army blankets on top of the wall and crawled over. Even so I got scratches from the glass. I swung my ladder up, placed it inside the grounds and descended. I then, using a flashlight, took my way across the grass and found the driveway. The house was in darkness except for one room on the first floor. The window was open and the blind had been drawn, but it was ill-fitting. Going up to this window, I peered through the gap made between the blind and the bottom of the window. I found myself looking into what was a doctor's office or, to be more accurate, a surgeon's room. In that room was a worried looking man whom I took to be Dr. Liggett. He was walking up and down with his head bent, and his hands behind him. Then the telephone rang. The telephone was in a case in one of the tiled walls. Dr. Liggett opened the case but did not take down the telephone. It rang and rang as if the person at the other end was sure someone was at home. At last he grabbed the receiver off and said in a kind of high falsetto voice, as if he were trying to disguise his own, 'Hello! hello!'"

"When whoever it was spoke to him, he almost jumped. He said, 'I don't know, Cora, honest.' Then this other party spoke again and Liggett said, 'I'll see you as soon as I can. Where are you?' This Cora evidently told him, for he said, 'I will come tonight. Now I can't talk a minute longer.' Then he rang off."

Simms looked around with a satisfied and questioning expression. The deep attention of his listeners was gratifying. He went on:

"Dr. Liggett then left the room. I waited, listening. After a while I heard the sound of an automobile. As I discovered later, there is a wide gate in the wall separating the grounds at the front from the backyard. This gate, as I know now, Dr. Liggett opened and drove through in a car which he

parked in front of the house. Fortunately a bush beneath the window concealed me from his observation. He then went back, locked the gate and, as I assume, entered the house from the back way. After a while the front door opened and Dr. Liggett appeared with another man. The other man was crying:

"Hush now," Dr. Liggett said, 'you are going to a nice new house where you will have many friends. There won't be any bogey man there.'

"Smiley doesn't want to go away," this other man said. 'Smiley doesn't want to leave his things.'

"You're not leaving them. I've got them all in your suitcase."

"No, you haven't. Smiley wants his shells, and—and everything."

"Where are they, then?" Liggett said. 'We're late now.'

"This other fellow giggled, and then said, 'That's telling. Smiley is not silly enough to tell where the hidey-hole is, and let the bogey man get everything.'

"Well, come on; you'll have to look for the things when you come back."

"They got in the car and started for the big gate. I ran for the wall and got over, again causing myself deep scratches. I threw the ladder down by the side of the wall and ran for my car. The other car was not in sight, but I took it for granted it was going on the main road to New York. I gave my car all the gas she would take and pretty soon I caught up with the other car. I need not tell you I had taken the number of the license plates that time Dr. Liggett went back into the house. I followed at a discreet distance. Liggett stopped at a home for the feeble-minded near New Rochelle. When Dr. Liggett came out I followed him to New York City. I had a puncture of one back tire. I rode on the rim for a block and then had a puncture of the other back tire. This slowed me down, and also I think Liggett suspected that I was following him, for he increased his speed, disregarded a traffic signal, shot around a corner, and by the time the green light was on again I had lost him.

"I then changed my tires and drove back to the surgeon's house. I climbed the wall again, receiving more scratches, and did my best to find an entrance to the house. But everything was locked up and battened down. I then reflected that I might find something of interest in the backyard. I climbed over the connecting fence, and using my flashlight I examined every foot of the enclosure. I discovered three barrels full of trash that had been burned. It was a hard task to go through them, but I discovered some scraps of paper that may or may not be valuable to you.

"I then put the trash back as well as I could in the barrels, climbed over the connecting wall, got across the grounds to my ladder, climbed over, again suffering serious scratches, and took up my watch at

the front of the grounds. Dr. Liggett returned at four o'clock. He looked about him carefully when he drew up in front of the gate. He unlocked the gate, drove in, locked the gate, and, I assume, went to the front of the house and entered.

"Shortly after daylight an elderly woman came down the road, dragging a child's cart to which was strapped a large basket. She rang at the gate. She may have had a special signal. A few minutes after her ring the gate was opened, Dr. Liggett appeared, took the basket, emptied it, evidently into some other receptacle, handed out the basket. The woman restraped it to her cart and went away. Cummings then arriving, I unobtrusively followed her to see where she lived. I then went to the police station and wrote the last words of this, my report."

"And an excellent report," Sheridan said, "we'll see if we can find some salve in the shape of federal banknotes to heal those scratches of yours, Simms. No one could have done better than you have."

Adrienne added her praise. Simms received this acclaim with the air of one who felt it beneath his dignity to deprecate. He then handed Sheridan a sealed envelope, and taking another paper from his pocket, he said:

"This is Cummings' report. He has no literary style whatsoever. You will remember, sir, that when I began my duty, I was to stay till whatever time Cummings appeared the next day, while he was to visit the steamship offices and discover on what passenger list, if any, occurred the names of Henry Smith and Franklin Colby. This is what he brought to me yesterday morning."

"Steamer *Orbila*, Royal Mail Line, arriving in port thirteen weeks ago had two first-class passengers, Franklin Colby and Henry Smith, stateroom 611. Ship at present time in port. No one turned up at the sanitarium except the milkman, butcher and groceryman."

"Feeling that this report could be amplified, and unable to sleep because of my scratches, I went to the pier at which the *Orbila* docks. It was not hard to get permission to board her, and a few cigars and cigarettes made my position solid with the stewards. I saw the deck steward, who could not remember the two men. He said he carried so many young men of that description that they did not make much impression on him. But he referred me to the bedroom steward. The bedroom steward said he remembered the two perfectly; that one of them was very sick, so much so that he had to be carried off on a stretcher. He said that the one that was well ate all his meals in the stateroom with the sick man."

Adrienne knew how to read her uncle's face. When Simms had left the room, she asked:

"What is disturbing to you in the name of Ann Hernden, Uncle Dick?"

"Ann Hernden was a friend of my sister, Adela," Sheridan told her, "and tremen-

dously influenced by Adela. I know that she went down on her knees to Baldwin, begging him not to take the case against Francis Pierce. The last time I saw my poor sister, she asked me to be good to Ann, and to look after her little investments. Ann really settled in Riverhead to be near me."

"Felt safe in your shadow. I don't blame her," Adrienne said.

"I am afraid she hasn't been in my shadow," Sheridan replied. "I had her investments handled through my office. I haven't called on her for years. I am a coward, Adrienne. I did not want to be reminded more than necessary of poor Adela. I wonder how Ann came to know Liggett. Well, Franklin, our next move is to go and call on Ann Hernden."

THE TWO MEN left the house and went to the garage where Sheridan got out his car. After he left his grounds, he made a detour of Riverhead, avoiding the main streets. Passing beyond the surgeon's house, Sheridan turned into a narrow country road, stopping before a little faded brown house with boxes of pansies on the window sills and fresh curtains at the windows. Sheridan and Colby got out of the car and Sheridan knocked. His summons was answered by a thin elderly woman with faded blue eyes. She started when she saw them and trembled. Colby stared at her, wild-eyed.

"Good morning, Ann," Sheridan said. "This is a good friend of mine. May we come in and talk to you a moment?"

"But surely," Ann Hernden said, 'leading the way into her living room that held only a table, three chairs and a rag rug. Sheridan felt a spasm of sympathy for the poverty of the place.

"Ann," he said, "tell me; is there anyone here who has been doing the laundry for the surgeon's house?"

A slow deep flush grew in the woman's face.

"I didn't suppose anyone knew I did it," she said. "I try to return it early in the morning before people are up. I shouldn't be ashamed of it, but I keep thinking what would my father feel about it if he were alive. He used to be so proud of my hands."

"Why, Ann, my dear," said Sheridan, softly. "I didn't know things had gone so badly with you. You should have come to an old friend. We can find easier work for you. I remember your jellied doughnuts and your coconut cake. We'll start a little business of that kind for you."

"I took wrong advice and changed some of the securities you bought for me," she said. "I'd like the cooking, Dick. All the more because Dr. Liggett told me this morning that he couldn't give me any more work."

"Don't worry about your future, Ann. And now I want some information. My friend here is in danger and perhaps you can help me."

To be Continued.

## The Marriage Song

(Continued from page 34)

Yes, she thought, it was rather futile planning things to say. Situations you prepared for as dramatic turned out commonplace generally. He was right. There was nothing left for either of them to say. He might as well go to sleep. The laugh was on her.

HE WAS ASLEEP. A bump in the road rocked the car sideways and his head fell against her. He went to sleep suddenly. Like a child. Like night coming in the tropics. Country doctors learned to do that. Asleep, he moved his head so that it rested more comfortably against her shoulder.

der. His arm lay across her. She almost ceased to breathe. All these months she had tried to forget the feel of his body close to hers and the smell of his hair, the helplessness of his sleeping strength. Once in a summer field he had slept for hours with his head pillowed on her knees and she had watched him, immovable, scarcely breathing, as now, for three hours. Confound him, saying it had not been worth while. Life had moved them apart: that was all. Life hadn't meant her to have him. She had had nothing to do with it.

She pulled up with a jarring of brakes. The lantern was there, but it was moving. She clutched Roger's arm.

"Roger, wake up! Here's the lantern, but it's walking about. I'm afraid we're caught."

Roger woke, as he slept, in an instant. "Heavens!" he said. "How am I going to explain you. This is a mess. I'm sorry, Louise."

"Don't explain me. If your patient is sick enough nobody will notice me."

The man with the lantern was running toward them.

"Careful here, miss," the man called, but he called too late. His lantern waved wildly and the car slithered about in the huge rut, then settled with an ominous swish of mud and water. Louise roared up the engine, and it strove mightily. Forward and back, but the wheels sank deeper and at last she took her hands from the wheel and turned off the engine. In the sweet silence they could hear the patter of rain beginning.

"I'm afraid it's no go."

The farmer came from behind the car. He was splashed with mud and sweat glistened on his anxious face.

"It's only a few hundred yards from here, doctor."

"Shall I stay here?" Louise said. Roger was already out of the car and fumbling for his bag.

"Lord, no. You can't sit there. It's started raining. I'm sorry, Louise. But you needn't worry about these people. They won't give you a thought. I'll get you back to town as soon as I possibly can. This was a mad thing for you to do. But now you're

in it, and I can't give you any time now. Come on."

The farmer was standing a few yards away. When they reached him, he sighed, a huge sigh which tore his chest. The lantern was shaking in his hand.

"It's his first child," Roger whispered. In the dim light she saw his smile, and she thought how much of their time together had been spent talking of these people and how he loved them.

After that they plodded on in silence. Louise went into a water-filled rut and exclaimed in annoyance, and then Roger took her arm. But neither of them spoke.

A woman was waiting for them in the farmhouse doorway. She was big and placid and smiling.

"You're just in time, doctor," she said. "I've done everything. I think."

Roger seemed to forget Louise entirely then. He dropped his hat and coat on the table in the warm, big room, and talking in undertones to the woman he went with her into a room beyond. The door closed behind

Continued on page 50



Chatelaine, the mistress of a chateau, who usually wore the keys of the castle suspended from her girdle; hence — The Keeper of the Keys.



# Women are funny that way.....

As sweethearts—so romantic, sentimental, charming and impractical; as wives and mothers—so capable, efficient and practical. Their lives require romance; but their work demands knowledge and ability.

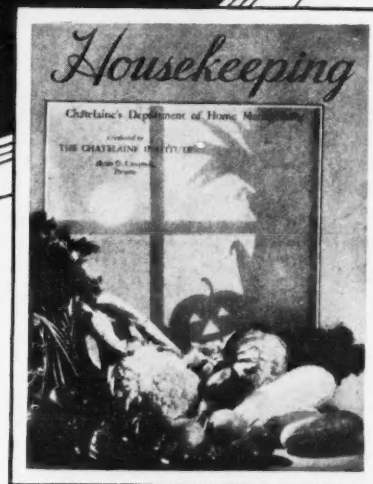
So they plan menus, budget expenditures, work to a schedule, shop to save, and study magazines for new ideas.

And 200,000 younger married women in Canada look to Chatelaine as their guide in every phase of home-making. The Housekeeping department conducted by Chatelaine Institute each month supplies them with helpful and workable ideas, attractively presented.

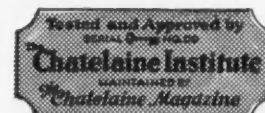
Chatelaine Institute is one of Chatelaine's specialized editorial services—an experimental housekeeping centre under the direction of qualified household science graduates—and recognized as the outstanding Canadian authority on housekeeping subjects.

Only worthy products and services are accepted for introduction to Chatelaine homes through the advertising pages of Chatelaine. Readers, therefore, can buy the lines advertised in Chatelaine with confidence of satisfactory service. By insisting on trade-marked lines of known quality and value, Chatelaine readers avoid costly mistakes when buying for their homes.

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Typical Frontispiece of  
Chatelaine Housekeeping Department



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Compiled as a convenience to the readers of Chatelaine; this index is not guaranteed against occasional error or omission, but the greatest care is taken to ensure accuracy.

## The Marriage Song

(Continued from page 48)

them, but in the moments of its opening Louise heard a low moaning.

The farmer heard it, too, and it halted his bewildered, unconscious progress toward the door. He stood, his head bowed for almost a minute, then he turned slowly.

"She—" he began. But he found no words. Inarticulate, immobile of feature, his pain found no expression.

"I never knew it would be like this. A man doesn't know or he—"

"Supposing," she said to the man's horrified face, "supposing we go and try to get the car out? Don't you think that would be better than staying here. We can't do anything. It would be better for you. Please come. You've got to come."

The man seemed not to have heard her. She went across and pulled at his arm.

"Please come. Really . . . staying here, it all sounds so much worse than it is. It's nothing dreadful. And it will be over soon, if you just come away. We'll get the car out and then you come back and she will be all right." She felt she was a babbling fool. Aunt Sybil had taught her so much, what one should say in almost every situation. She had learned so much. But Aunt Sybil hadn't taught her what to say to a man whose wife was having a baby. Having babies. What on earth did Aunt Sybil know about that? It meant the continuation of Frederick's line . . . A son and heir had been born to . . . And photographs—artistic ones. Mother and child. No! It meant lying behind a closed door and screaming. And you wouldn't mind it, if you knew your husband felt like this. But you'd mind it, by heaven, if all he were doing was getting the bells ready to ring in the ancestral belfry.

"Oh, please come!"

"Yes. Yes. I'll get the horses. But you'll

have to come. None of us here know much about cars." He plunged through the doorway into darkness, and Louise took the lantern which no one had extinguished and went into the rain, stumbling back along the slushy track. When she got to the car she sat on the wet seat and shivered. But her brain was aflame with whirling thoughts and she did not know she was shivering. When she saw the horses and the men come into the path of the car lights, she could have shouted with relief because there would be something to do now. Roar up the engine. Drown the wild voices of your thoughts.

THIS RUGGED man with his rain-glistening horses had not hung river gold nor silver rings. He had loved his woman, worked with her, played with her, and in this crown of his love there were thorns which pierced him. He wasn't thinking about ringing bells. She laughed hysterically.

"Whoa!" The chains clanked, the horses slithered. The water in the ruts splashed up in illumined spray. A sleepy-eyed youth accompanied his master. The three hardly spoke. They lost themselves gratefully in the struggle with the bogged car.

Go home now? To that great house, quiet, gathering its strength for tomorrow's ordeal, to her empty satin-covered bed, to the room littered with garments, trunks, which surely belonged to some other girl, in some other strange world? Wedding presents, laid out behind locked doors. She scarcely thought. She moved under an irresistible pressure. She seemed to move in her sleep, strangely identified with that woman who lay up there, at peace now, she felt. And the man beside her, who had worked and played and loved, was strangely Roger beside her, helping her out of the car. Then she lost him. He dropped her arm suddenly, under an impulse too violent to check, and ran through the lighted doorway. She stumbled inside.

Roger was leaning against the table, smoking.

"It's a boy, Meadows," he said. "You can go in to her." He smiled but the man did not wait for his smile.

"You know, I enjoy this," said Roger. He looked terribly tired. His eyes were

half-closed. He did not look at Louise. But her eyes, her beautiful eyes, darkly ringed with blue were fixed on him. Her face was white. Suddenly she had no strength at all, and she moved toward him very slowly and crumpled in his arms, holding on to his coat as though she would fall if she did not hold him.

"So do I. I enjoy it, too," she said pitifully.

Roger held her for a few instants, then put her in a chair. She still stared at him. He looked at his wrist-watch.

"This is pretty awful, Louise," he said steadily. "You'll have to drive like blazes. Even so, you won't get home much before six. Would it be better if I drove you? You're knocked up."

"I'm not going back," said Louise.

Suddenly Roger caught her and shook her violently.

"Louise," he said hoarsely. "For heaven's sake, help a bit. This is tearing me to pieces."

"Well, it needn't. I'm trying to tell you that I want to marry you."

Roger groaned. "You're hysterical. I can't let you do this on impulse. We've talked it out often enough. This night's been a strain. If you were in your right senses you'd never make this decision. Things now are as they have always been. Nothing's changed."

"Everything's changed," said Louise. She still stared at him, her eyes darkly luminous in her white, rapt face.

"It's too late. Think of—"

"It's not too late."

"I've nothing more to offer you than I offered before."

"We'll work together," said Louise. "And play together."

"Poverty. After what you've been used to. People who will bore you insufferably because we won't be able to afford the money or the leisure to meet the people you're accustomed to."

"We will laugh together at things which would not amuse our neighbors," said Louise, and in her voice was a singing gladness.

Suddenly they were stumbling, swaying locked together, through the doorway into the fresh dawn.

## The Harpy

(Continued from page 22)

this extraordinary frivolity she called a business. He would take walks with her and look at shop-windows; he listened to what she told him about styles and materials.

Once, when she could not describe one of Galby's new models, she had tried to draw it for him, but she had no skill with a pencil.

"You mean like this?" he asked, and sketched it for her.

"But, Gerald," she cried. "Why didn't you ever tell me you could draw?"

"It didn't seem very important," he answered. "I always like it."

After that, he made many sketches for her. He was really very clever at it; he had a natural ability and taste. He hadn't yet been offered a job, so, to fill in time, he was happy to help his wonderful girl.

"There's more in this clothes racket than you'd imagine," he said.

He had an eye for color and for line, and, although he had done as little studying as possible, he had absorbed ideas, impressions; he knew, carelessly and lightly, more than she had been able to learn by the weariest efforts.

He was willing to go to openings and fashion shows with her now; he found pleasure in beautiful textiles, in subtle de-

signing. He began to have ideas of his own. Olive brought one of his sketches to Anna Galby.

"I can use that," said Galby, with her quick decisiveness.

But Olive didn't bring her any more of Gerald's sketches. She had another idea in her head.

PACKY FINANCED the venture and he never regretted it; he got an excellent return on his investment. Rosa Franchelli, Inc.—a small shop on exactly the right street, and selling only original models. Rosa Franchelli was the real name of Olive Richmond, and she had the wit to see that it would serve her well now. She was wonderfully artistic looking, with her gleaming straight black hair parted in the middle, her oval face, her beautiful, unsmiling mouth.

"I can design," she said, "but I'm no good at business. If it weren't for Gerald, the whole thing would go bankrupt in a month."

She told everyone that—even Alina, and Alina said nothing. But Alina knew who had made all the arrangements with Packy, who interviewed manufacturers' salesmen, who did all the hiring and firing, who kept the books. And Alina had been in Gerald's severely business-like office and seen him sitting with a sample of dim violet satin in his slim, strong hand, looking at it with a frown; so intent upon an inward vision that he did not notice her entrance. He wouldn't have liked her to see that.

On the ship going to France, Alina met Mrs. Penborough. And Alina was quite as much a charming, gracious woman of the world as any Penborough could be. Mrs. Penborough accepted her at par, and Packy mentioned that he knew Gerald.

"Gerald?" said Mrs. Penborough, and her

lip trembled a little. "We never see him now. He never comes home. I don't believe he . . . even thinks of us. The idea of Gerald—in a shop—I just glanced in there once, and I saw her—long earrings—so made up—She's got him away from all his old friends, all his own life, and made him work like a slave. She's a perfect harpy."

"Harpy?" Packy began indignantly. He remembered the last time he had seen Gerald in the apartment where he and Olive lived, the apartment furnished entirely according to Gerald's wonderful taste; Gerald who was quieter, less boyish, more "solid" was the word for it. He remembered Gerald and Olive driving out to see them, and how Olive had admired their house, with its big, airy rooms. He remembered particularly how Olive had looked at Alina's two pink and gold babies. Gerald wasn't much interested in children.

Gerald was happy. He had found what he needed for his queer, charming, artist spirit. But there had been a look in Olive's dark eyes that Packy did not forget. A love that counted no cost, a love that was utterly single in purpose, utterly honest and simple—and terrible.

"Harpy?" he repeated indignantly. "Why—" But Alina kicked him under the table.

When they were in their cabin, he reproached her.

"Why wouldn't you let me tell the woman?" he said. "Harpy! Makes me sick."

Alina was sitting in a chair, taking off her narrow gold slippers.

"You can't tell anything to a Penborough," she said. "Olive saved Gerald from being one. But—"

She sat there, smiling, in all her slim blonde beauty, elegant, aloof.



NO FADING during a whole season that Marie's flannel skirt was washed in Chipso! And the flannel has kept its smooth finish and soft texture.

NEW—no, not yesterday, but two years ago. Mrs. Kelly's bouclé suit still gives thanks to Chipso's safety for silks.

FRESHLY WASHED in Chipso, Winifred's silk knit blouse and flannel skirt look exactly as they did when they came from the shop.

EVERY YEAR Dan's grandmother sends him a suit like this. "The old outgrown ones still look new," says Mrs. Kelly. "Chipso is so safe for colors."

TOM'S year-old blouse, pants and necktie have been washed in Chipso over and over again. Yet the nosy color camera could not find even one shabby spot!

MRS. THOMAS P. KELLY AT HOME WITH HER FAMILY. UNRETOUCHED PHOTOGRAPH IN NATURAL COLORS

## "Chipso put an end to faded clothes in our house" *says busy mother of four*

"Mother started me using Chipso two years ago," Mrs. Kelly beamed. "She had been annoyed with the way clothes faded. When she found that Chipso kept *her* dresses bright and new-looking she couldn't wait to tell *me*."

"I had been disheartened, too, because the children's colored clothes got streaked and drab so quickly. Chipso put an end to *that* worry!

"And Chipso is just as wonderful for white clothes! I've had the same laundress thirteen years but the washes she puts out now, with Chipso, are whiter—more sparkling fresh—than ever before.

"Chipso soaks clothes clean. They don't have to have the strength rubbed out of them. Besides that, Chipso isn't harsh. It is so safe that we put everything—even our good woolens and silks—into Chipso



Mrs. Kelly washing dishes in her kitchen says, "Chipso saves my hands just the way it protects clothes."

suds without fear of damage. Chipso saves me mending. It keeps all our clothes looking their best."

We asked Mrs. Kelly what soap she uses for dishwashing and cleaning. "Chipso always," she said. "It is so sudsy it makes that kind of work go faster yet it is gentle to my hands. It seems to save them just the way it saves clothes."

CHIPSO IS SOAPIER. That is why it is such a friend to your wardrobe—so comforting to your busy hands. It is not adulterated with harsh, injurious "dirt-cutting" ingredients. With its bigger percentage of good RICH SUDS it licks up the dirt SAFELY. This richness makes it go farther, too. When you get your big box of safe Chipso at its low price you find you have a wonderful soap value. Tell your grocer to send you CHIPSO this week.

# Chipso *makes clothes wear longer*

MADE IN CANADA